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COMTESSE DE CANDALE (Miss Winifred Emery).

CHEVALIER DE VALCLOS (Mr. Cyril Maude). COMTE DE CANDALE (Mr. William Terriss).

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," THE NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

CHEVALIER LE VALCLOS: *Madame, you make me the happiest of men!*

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A curious and interesting correspondence has been going on in the *Spectator* as regards the moral character of the late fire in Paris. Someone ventured to express his opinion that he thought the burning alive of pious persons, while engaged in an act of charity, could hardly be called an act of benevolence. But he was soon set right. Though a hundred had been burnt, at least five persons, he was informed, had thus had an opportunity of showing courage and kindness, which would not otherwise have offered itself. There was five per cent. or more profit on the transaction. It seems to be forgotten, however, that the principal was lost. This is the usual error of these theological logicians. The Armenian outrages, they say, were upon the whole advantageous, inasmuch as they induced many persons to subscribe their mites to the Relief Fund, thereby exciting the virtues of sympathy and compassion, not to mention a certain complacent satisfaction in having done one's duty to one's fellow-creatures; but in the meantime the Armenians have been butchered. The case of the people of Benin was far worse, for it is certain that the burnings and burials alive indulged in by their King have been going on for generations, without so much as a post office order from anywhere in the way of sympathy. Still more strange is the argument of a correspondent that the bazaar fire was nothing to make a fuss about, inasmuch as a great many more than a hundred persons are, singly, burnt to death per annum. What probably lies at the bottom of these singular explanations is a sort of slavish flattery of the powers that be, similar in its nature to that which caused the theologians of old to attribute future atrocities to their Benin deity. If these are the best solutions these ingenious persons can give of "the riddle of the painful earth," it strikes one that they had better let it alone.

Among the most short-lived of human institutions are our games. The exceptions, such as cricket and whist, which have come to stay, only prove the rule. To some it may seem almost blasphemous to exclude golf, but its popularity, in England at least, has not been long enough established to be considered permanent. A game, like a dynasty, cannot be pronounced secure until after the second generation. Who plays "knurr and spell" now, or knows how it is played? I can remember when it had a column in *Bell's Life* all to itself. Our acquaintance with the once popular "Bumble Puppy" is to-day so limited that most of us, thanks to "Pembroke" (the only humorous writer on games), imagine it to be a kind of inferior whist. What has become of croquet, the reverberation of which was once heard from a thousand hills? I am told that in some desolate places on the earth an attempt is being made to resuscitate it, but one might as well try to revive the mastodon. Even lawn tennis, tripped up by golf, and insulted by the votaries of football as though it were a referee, has now but a precarious and effeminate existence. La Crosse was started under the brightest auspices, but withers on this alien soil; and, by-the-by, whither has fled *Les Grâces*, beloved of our mothers in their girlhood? As to "travelling picquet," scarcely the name remains with us, though all our young travellers and some old ones once shared its simple joys.

It was an amusement invented to beguile the tedium of coach or carriage journeys, and consisted in simply counting the living objects on either hand. One player took one side, his opponent the other; birds (except magpies) were excluded; a flock of sheep or a drove of bullocks counted as ten; the game was one hundred, and he who saw a dead donkey, three magpies, or a cat looking out of window, won it at once. The objection to it was that it was necessary to put great confidence in your opponent; he had to call out the objects he counted, but you were not certain he saw them, and you could not satisfy yourself upon the point without neglecting your own side. It was not thought wrong in passing through a village at night to call out "Fire"; this brought every night-cap to the window, and made a fine score. But a coach journey was a tedious business. Just at first, when we started in the sunshine after breakfast, there was a great elevation of spirits, and the same thing occurred after the midday dinner; but in the meanwhile we grew very weary, and if it was wet or cold, exceedingly cross. People "fell out"—and sometimes fell off—on the top of a coach much more than in a railway carriage. There was less change of companionship, and less room for the limbs. One hears old people extolling coach travel, as they do their school-time, not because they liked it, but because it was associated with their youth.

As regards "sitting-down games," by-the-by, there is said to be a revival of double acrostics. This is indeed alarming news. Like allegory, they always gave me the headache, besides inflicting a painful sense of mental inferiority. Many persons paid them great attention, but quite unintelligent ones were also much more successful with them than I was. The game became at last a public nuisance, and strangers used to ask one for a "light" as coolly as though it were a wax vesta. At an earlier date in the history of persecution we were similarly pestered by charades. "If these things are made at all," wrote

Sydney Smith, "they should be made without benefit of clergy; the offender should be turned off to instant execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dullness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth." Yet, as an engine of mental torture, the charade is not to be compared with the double acrostic.

A case has lately occurred where an applicant for shares in a company obtained very large damages for its neglect in not supplying them. The speculation proved a great success, and he thus received the profits through not having shares in it. This is just the sort of investment that takes my unspeculative fancy. Whenever I invest, which happens but very seldom, and only to the extent of twopence halfpenny, I immediately regret it. I think that capital is lost for ever. But how delightful to write for shares, to find that they have not been allotted, and then to derive all the advantages from them without risk! Sometimes it is even an advantage to be cheated out of one's shares. A lady I knew of held £2000 in the Glasgow Bank that failed forty years ago. It was an unlimited company, and the ruin it brought among its shareholders was in proportion. It was as bad to have £2000 in it as twenty thousand, since every shilling you possessed would be taken from you. From comparative affluence this poor lady found herself penniless, though not immediately; it was a question of time and "calls." There was no doubt about it, for many of her friends and neighbours were in a similarly helpless condition. But when they got their first "call" she did not. This puzzled her, but gave her no comfort. In such an immense concern it was likely enough that errors should be made, which were only too sure, however, to be rectified. But the second "call" came, and even the third, and yet the good lady was left out of the invitations. She applied to her solicitor, but he never answered her letters; what was the use of a solicitor taking trouble about a client with no effects? At last, however, she got hold of him. "I want to know about that £2000 you invested for me in that wretched bank; of course I am ruined, but why have no calls been made on me, as on everybody else?" "The fact is, Madam," he replied, "it has all turned out for the best, but I never did invest it. I paid you the interest, but I kept the principal for my own purposes. It was not a right thing to do, I confess, but it has saved you from destruction! You have lost nothing beyond the two thousand pounds, which circumstances over which I have no control prevent my paying you for the present." "Don't mention it," cried the lady, with tears of joy; and ever afterwards she spoke of him not as "my solicitor," but "my preserver."

The story of the poor Haileybury boy who committed suicide on the railway to escape from his school tormentors is a sad one, but it has some mitigating circumstances. He does not accuse his persecutors of personal violence, of the brutality which two generations ago pervaded half the schools in this country. Nothing is more encouraging to those who desire the happiness of their fellow-creatures than the contrast between our sons' views of their schools and that of their grandfathers. There were doubtless many sturdy lads who did not much mind what was done to them, but those who were physically weak, or of a sensitive organisation, often suffered terribly. The causes of cruelty in youth were misunderstood, or not thought worthy of investigation, and many a lad had reason to regard his schooldays as the most miserable of his existence. Now there is seldom a Black Monday for our boys. Of course, they prefer idleness to doing lessons, but their school-time is as "jolly" as their holidays. This means a vast difference in the happiness of twenty-five per cent. of the population. As to the Haileybury case, the boys mentioned in the last letter of their victim were not, at all events, of the old class of school bully: they seem to have been less cruel than malignant, though they pursued their antagonism with a persistency that to adults is nearly incredible. It is almost impossible to doubt that the victim was unfortunately sensitive. The idea of his "opinions about Crete" being the origin of his persecution suggests something mentally amiss. That anyone with our present knowledge of Turks and Cretans should be enthusiastic about either of them is amazing, and still more astonishing in a schoolboy. Nevertheless, the reflection cannot but occur to us that if the life of a prefect at Haileybury can be made so intolerable, that of a small boy who is unpopular must be still more unenviable. The Head Master's exculpatory letter is by no means conclusive. "The boy did," he writes, "what no schoolboy in his right mind would do: he deliberately, and with nothing to gain, accuses three companions of cruelty." But why "no schoolboy"? Boys are notoriously more passionate and less calculating than men. Moreover, there was something to gain, and what counts for a good deal with most people—namely, the punishment of his persecutors; at the same time, as I have already said, it is probable that his mind was unhinged.

It is curious, considering the very limited supply of metaphors at the disposal of our divines, that they have made no use of asparagus. I don't remember a "head" of it in any sermon. Flesh is "grass," we are told, but even in the

highest circles no one has been compared to asparagus. Just now is the season for it, but how brief it is: scarcely two months at most! Surely this fact might be utilised in the pulpit as an illustration of short-lived pleasures. Strangely enough, although it is essentially a luxury, there is nothing that is eaten in so natural a manner. There are, it is true, some cumbrous devices for doing so, but the very use of them is an accomplishment in itself. You may see any day distinguished persons of both sexes throwing their heads back as if they were taking a pill, but with a much pleasanter expression of countenance. As *Punch* made a child amusingly remark the other day, "the handles are so hot!" Everybody, high and low, takes asparagus in that way. This fact alone should afford an admirable type of equality. All are equal in the grave—we have heard that very often—but no one has remarked that the same thing occurs when we are eating asparagus.

Most authors, even when they do not write their books "with a purpose," have a clear understanding in their own minds of the right or wrong behaviour of their characters, and we are expected to applaud or blame them, as directed; but in the four striking stories which Margaret Deland publishes under the title of "The Wisdom of Fools," the reader is left to draw his own conclusions. In "Where Ignorance is Bliss," for example, the question is thrashed out as to whether a couple before entering the marriage state should honestly confess to one another their previous peccadilloes—make, in fact, a clean breast of it. This is a custom which may be prevalent among our authoress's acquaintances, or, perhaps, even generally in the United States, but is certainly here very uncommon. "Did you tell him all?" was an inquiry put to a famous actress on her marriage by a lady friend. "Everything." "What courage, my dear, and what a memory!" But even for anybody, of either sex, wholesale confession would be rather embarrassing, nor does one see any necessity for it, unless, indeed, one has done something the evil consequences of which have yet to come. The Rev. William West thought differently; he was so scrupulous, well principled, and religious (though, it must be added, a prig), that he felt that he could not marry his Amy without telling her of a certain flaw in his past, though he had made ample reparation for it, and there could be no possible evil consequences. She is a sensible young woman, and has no wish to hear about it. "William," she said in a low voice, "I do not think a woman has any business with a good man's life in the past. I am not a young girl. I am old enough to know that a man's life and a girl's life are different. Don't tell me. I love you." This does not satisfy the self-conscious sinner, and seems (strange to say) to make his confession easier to him—

"You are not like other women; that sin the mean woman does not forgive. And yet it is so much more pardonable than some other sins! More pardonable, dear, than what I want to tell you."

She drew a quick breath and smiled. "Ah," she said, "I'm glad it is not that!" Her relief was so apparent that he realised how austere her face had been as she forgave him.

"Go on and tell me," she said; "I am not afraid to hear anything."

"That would have been the hardest thing to forgive?" he asked her. She flashed a look of pride at him.

"The things I could not forgive, you could not do!"

This made him glow. After all, who would not confess anything, to be met by such confident love as this?

"This happened long ago, Amy, when I was nineteen. I forged a check for five hundred dollars."

"Forged!" Her lips fell apart; she sat staring at him.

The reader will not be surprised, but the Rev. William West was quite astonished. Not to mind a youthful intrigue and yet to be shocked at such a little departure from rectitude as forgery seems very strange to him. Perhaps the authoress wishes to show the want of proportion in the minds of most divines as regards their view of the sins of passion and those arising from deeper causes; but, at all events, he manifests a most singular moral obtuseness—

"That is all, dear; now you will forget it. You know my life as you do your own."

When she cries bitterly "Forget it!" this poor creature goes on, "I was but twenty-three, a divinity student; it was for a mercenary woman; but I ought not to have told you that." "What! about the woman? As if that mattered." Then he begins to understand that even in a woman's eyes forgery is worse than flirtation. It will seem to most people incredible not only that any man should be such an ass, but also that any well-principled person at twenty-three, or any other age, should have committed a forgery. The story concludes with the question, "Was West a fool or a saint?" This the reader will have no difficulty in answering, and may even suggest the addition, "or a bit of a knave?" At all events, Mr. West's experience was not encouraging to confession on the part of those about to marry. The other stories are illustrations of similar moral problems. Whether it is right to take money, though offered for charitable purposes, which has been wrongfully acquired? Whether it is well to marry "for love" with those below us in station? and, whether the lives of those who are the cause of moral degradation should be prolonged by the efforts of philanthropy? These matters, usually written about in the dullest fashion, are here invested with interest by a writer who knows her business.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION.

(See Supplement.)

If but the proverbial "Queen's Weather" smile upon its pomp, the royal procession through the heart of London on the Day of Jubilee will form one of the most brilliant pageants in history. Princes and delegates of royalty from all parts of the civilised world and civic and military representatives of every section of her Majesty's Empire will take part in the stately ceremonial of the day, and pass through the streets of the Metropolis in the great procession. Our Supplement this week illustrates the route appointed for the long cortège, of which the first section will have reached the middle of the Strand by the time the Queen takes her place in her State carriage at Buckingham Palace. The total distance to be traversed by the procession is six miles, and this long route will be lined throughout by troops and mounted police, the total number of troops either thus employed or forming part of the procession being approximately estimated at fifty thousand. The first halt in the triumphal progress will be made at

its other points of divergence from the ceremonial of the same occasion. The Queen's visit to the City on the first Lord Mayor's Day after her accession was, fittingly enough, the earliest State pageant of importance in her Majesty's reign. The occasion was one of tremendous enthusiasm. Curiosity regarding the young Sovereign was on tip-toe, and her Majesty was, as it were, on trial.

At two o'clock the procession, which took fifteen minutes to pass any given point, left "the new Palace in Pimlico," as it was then popularly named, and proceeded by Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside, to the Guildhall. Her Majesty rode in that ancient State coach, painted by Cypriani, which is still the greatest curiosity at the Royal Mews. With the Queen, as on all State occasions, rode the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Master of the Horse, the Earl of Albemarle. The Queen, our lady readers will be interested to note, wore a dress of pink silk shot with silver; the Duchess was in silver and blue. In Pall Mall the State carriages were joined by the procession of her Majesty's Judges and the carriage of the Duke of Wellington, who, next to the Queen, received the loudest plaudits from the populace.

From a State procession one does not expect humour. That was supplied, however, by the civic reception at Temple Bar, where the Fathers of the City afforded sport

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Sydney Grundy is one of the happiest of translators and adaptors. In "A Pair of Spectacles" he improved upon Labiche. "A Marriage of Convenience" is not an adaptation of that kind, but it is a spirited English version of the elder Dumas' "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." The English, no doubt, is scarcely a correct equivalent of the original. Mr. Grundy has not attempted to translate the French into diction which exactly corresponds with the artificial manners of the period. The dialogue is curiously modern. When a gentleman in the piece is asked whether a certain lady is witty, he replies that she is "slangy," and the expression is not inapplicable at times to Mr. Grundy's very free diction. But what the translation may lack in accuracy it gains unquestionably in spirit and lucidity. If it were technically faultless it would probably spoil the very considerable pleasure it gives to the public. Here is a set of people acting on motives which may have been natural enough under Louis XV., but are certainly unnatural now. By making everybody talk an artificial jargon, Mr. Grundy would have robbed the play of all pretension to life. As it is, there is not a dull moment in four acts; and though Mr. Terriss and Mr. Cyril Maude



THE QUEEN'S FIRST STATE VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON, NOVEMBER 9, 1837: THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE SWORD OF JUSTICE.

From a Contemporary Print.

Temple Bar, the entrance to the City. Here the ceremonial will have much in common with that described below in connection with the Queen's first visit to the City, which is illustrated on this page. The Lord Mayor will present the pearl sword of civic state to her Majesty, and, after receiving it back again from the City's Sovereign, will ride bareheaded before the royal carriage to St. Paul's. The solemn service of thanksgiving before the great entrance of the Cathedral will occupy about twenty minutes, and the procession will then resume its way to the Mansion House. A brief halt will then be made, that the Queen may receive an address of congratulation from the citizens of London, and the procession will then pass onward over London Bridge to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Southwark, where another stoppage will be made, in order that the Queen may receive from Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk the address of her Roman Catholic subjects. This will be the last halting-place on the return to Buckingham Palace, where her Majesty is expected to arrive soon after two o'clock, and within three hours of the time of her setting forth upon her triumphal journey through the midst of some million and a half of her loyal subjects.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY.

In view of the approaching celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, it is interesting to recall the pomp and circumstance of the earlier State pageants of her Majesty's long reign, and of these none, perhaps, are more noteworthy in the present connection than the Queen's first State visit to the City of London, with its points of resemblance to the procession appointed for June 22 and

to the irreverent by appearing for the nonce as cavaliers. Before the arrival of the procession the Mayor and Aldermen assembled in Child's Banking-house, and then proceeded to the Middle Temple, where steeds were in waiting. Having mounted, the civic dignitaries rode forth, their chargers managed by grooms, to take post on the City side of the Bar. They wore their robes and chains and carried white wands, which some ventured to use for the correction of their mounts.

When the royal procession arrived at the closed barrier, her Majesty, following the ancient usage, had to sue for admission. This was granted by the Lord Mayor, the Hon. John Cowan, who, having dismounted, presented the sword of civic state. This, however, her Majesty was pleased not to accept, declaring it to be in loyal and trusty hands. Thereupon the Lord Mayor again sought saddle-tree, and, bearing the sword aloft, fell in immediately in front of the royal coach and marshalled his Sovereign the rest of the way to the Guildhall. His courtly conduct and his excellent horsemanship were remembered to his credit for many a day. At the Guildhall the reception, although magnificent, was outdone by the banquet and concert which followed. At eight o'clock the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace in a "dress-carriage," the State coaches having been dismissed after the first procession.

For a more detailed account of the ceremonial of the day, our readers are referred to an interesting article on "State Pageants of the Victorian Era," in the Diamond Jubilee Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which forms a valuable souvenir of the many great developments in English life which her Majesty's long reign has witnessed.

use the idioms of a Pall Mall club, hopelessly out of keeping with powder and breeches, who is any the worse? Mr. Terriss is the newly married husband of his cousin, for whom, at first, he cares no more than husbands usually cared for their wives under Louis XV. She is fresh from a convent, where she has been in the habit of mild love-making with Mr. Cyril Maude, who came pretty often to visit his sister. Grasping this situation quite early, the husband is disposed to use his wife's love-affair as a set-off to his amour with a certain Marquise who is not seen, but is always sending letters which are delivered in the most public way. The wife, nettled by all this, accepts Mr. Maude's escort to a masked ball, where her husband conducts the Marquise; there is some talk of annulling the marriage; but everything ends happily when Mr. Terriss discovers that his wife is jealous of him, and that, on the whole, she is the prettier woman of the two. Not a very ingenious story, perhaps, but bright acting. There is a French maid excellently played by Miss Adrienne Dairolles, who has no superior in this kind of part, and whose native accent is a tower of strength to Mr. Grundy's translation. Miss Dairolles explains the art of flirtation to the wife in the best played scene of the comedy. Miss Winifred Emery is admirable in the naïveté of the bride, whose conventual simplicity so quickly learns the alphabet of intrigue, as practised under Louis XV. Mr. Cyril Maude is a quaint coxcomb, Mr. Sydney Valentine is forcible as a moralising uncle, and Mr. William Terriss is gay, confident, but a trifle loud and heavy of speech. The part of the husband is a part for Mr. Wyndham; but nobody has yet discovered any resemblance between these two popular actors.



BRITISH GUIANA POLICE: OFFICER IN CHARGE, COLONEL E. B. McINNES.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. With Six Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. (London: William Heinemann.)

Harvard Stories: Sketches of the Undergraduate. By Waldron Kintzing Post. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

East End Idylls. By A. St. John Adcock. With an Introduction by the Hon. and Rev. James Granville Adderley, M.A. (London: James Bowden.)

The Widow Woman. By Charles Lee. (London: James Bowden.)

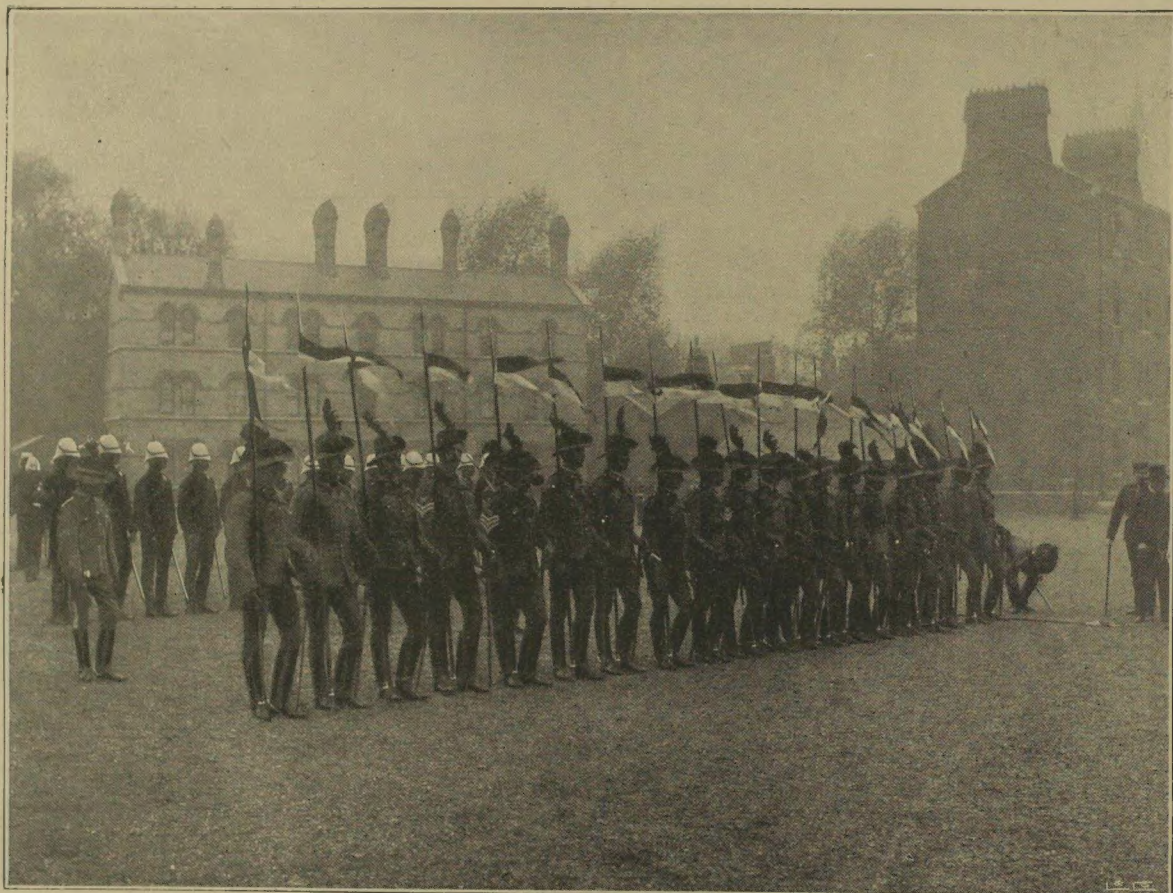
Mrs. Keith's Crime: A Record. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

The Disappearance of George Driffell. By James Payn. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)

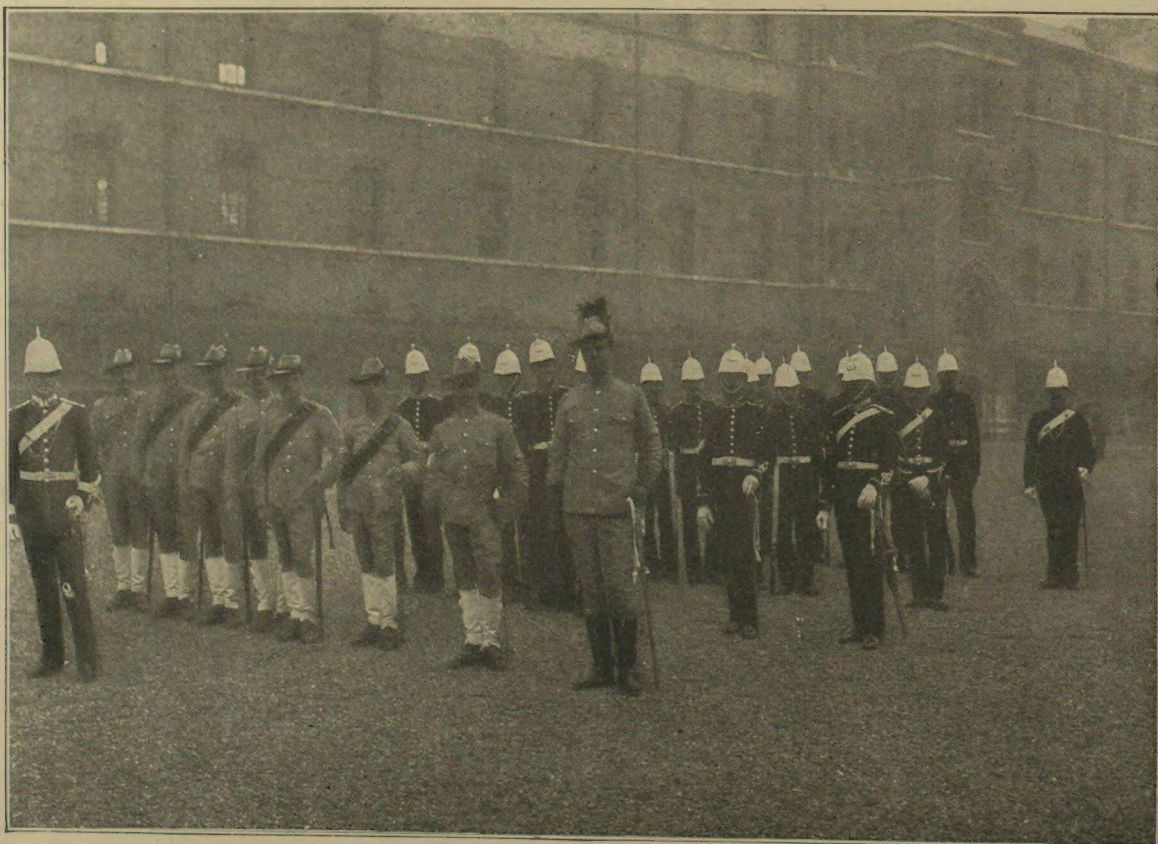
The Plattner Story, and Others. By H. G. Wells. (London: Methuen and Co.)

One Man's View. By Leonard Merrick. (London: Grant Richards.)

If good Americans when they die go to Paris, European maidens and millionaires should be rewarded after death for their virtue by translation to the States. When, however, as in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's delightful "Soldiers of Fortune," the maidens are the daughters of an American millionaire, their felicity is supreme. There are two such sister goddesses in "Soldiers of Fortune" with whom its hero falls in love successively, and the moral of the shifting of his affections from the elder to the younger sister is one that few women need to learn—the flattery of sympathy. The elder, a divine but conventional young woman, thinks more of her suitor's position than of his character, and therefore makes little of his engineering triumphs. The younger, thinking the nature of a man's work important only as it affects his nature, wins his heart by her enthusiastic sympathy with his professional feats. Of the hero himself we get a finer idea through Mr. Gibson's illustrations than even through the narrative of his exploits. Indeed, we found a difficulty in following his heroic exploits as leader of the counter revolution in Olancho; but in Mr. Gibson's superb illustrations he looks all and more than all that such a hero should be.



NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS: OFFICER IN CHARGE, LIEUTENANT COX.

TRINIDAD POLICE: OFFICER IN CHARGE, MAJOR C. J. ROOKS.
COLONIAL TROOPS FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.—[See Next Page.]

In "Harvard Stories," as in "Soldiers of Fortune," you learn what the American comic papers are continually suggesting: the extravagant importance attached to athletics generally, but especially to football, in the American Universities. The football match in "Harvard Stories," however, is nothing like so exciting to read as the boat-race, in which the Harvard crew were beaten owing to an accident, that called out the extraordinary heroism of its victim. In a note Mr. Post assures us that the incident really occurred. The leading champion of the Harvard boat, who had appeared to go all to pieces when the race was half through, fainted at its close. It was then found that he "had broken his sliding-seat before the two-mile flag was reached, and had rowed the last half of the race sliding back and forth on the sharp steel tracks, that cut into him at every stroke!" I fear one would have to be not only a Harvard man, but a very young Harvard man, to enjoy the majority of these stories.

"East-End Idylls," on the other hand, is a volume for all readers, but especially for the readers of those grimy, gruesome, and powerful tales of London slums which have had such a vogue. Mr. St. John Adcock's dramatic tales of East-End romance and heroism will effectively take away the exceeding bitter taste left in the mouth by those pessimist chroniclers of horrors. Obviously, too, our author knows the East-End quite as well as its detractors, while he does not make their mistake of painting with a single unrelieved colour. He often uses a black cloud whereon to paint his rainbow.

Cornwall is a more natural scene for an idyll than the East-End, and more charming even than any of Mr. St. John Adcock's tales is Mr. Charles Lee's "The Widow Woman." All the personages are so life-like as to appear portraits, while their ovine and bovine courtships are described with irresistible humour. Shaving is an indispensable preliminary to wooing, even with the ladies! At least, the Widow Woman, no less than her suitors, clears

the deck for action with the help of a razor; and though you share Sir Hugh Evans's prejudice against "a 'oman with a great peard," Mrs. Pollard's divine magnanimity makes her the real heroine of this charming little tale.

We are glad to see that singularly fine novel, "Mrs. Keith's Crime," in a sixth edition, adorned by a striking imaginary portrait of the lady by the Hon. John Collier. Mrs. Clifford, in a preface, explains that the novel was, what it always seemed to us to be, an inspiration. She wrote, she says, as "a breathless spectator, on my knees or while I walked up and down, listening and seeing and feeling as if unknown—always unknown to herself—she used my pen to tell the desperation and the anguish which drove her to that last act."

Mr. James Payn's ingenious and delightful "The Disappearance of George Driffell," has also appeared in a new edition, and can be recommended to those who prefer the elasticity, geniality, animal spirits, and go of youth to the dismal and cynical studies of *débutants* who seem to have lived as long and as hopelessly as "The Wandering Jew."

In Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Plattner Story" you have a probable and terrible picture of future retribution. In this, as in all the other wildly imaginative flights in the volume, Mr. Wells almost induces in the reader a faith like that of Tertullian, "*Credo quia impossibile.*" We presume it is rather a lapse of memory than of taste in Mr. Wells to name his odious and ridiculous minor poet "Aubrey Vair."

The odious part of this poet—that of a selfish seducer—is played by a dramatist in a really admirable novel by Mr. Leonard Merrick, "One Man's View." The sole fault to be found with it is a failure to lead up artistically either to the heroine's seduction or to the death of her seducer. In all other respects "One Man's View" is a clever, original, and interesting novel.

COLONIAL TROOPS

FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

It is at Chelsea Barracks that the curious medley of soldiery representing various races of men, African, Asiatic, Polynesian, Australasian, and American, enlisted in the local military or armed police forces of different colonial provinces of the ubiquitous British Empire, affords just now a lively and interesting sight. They were paraded and inspected by the Duke of Connaught there on Tuesday; and though each contingent musters only a few men, perhaps less than a score, the diversity of their appearance, but rather in the physique of the men themselves, in their complexion and make of body, and their natural temperament, than in their uniforms and equipments, is the more obviously displayed. An exception to this remark will, of course, be understood in the case of such Colonial militia and Volunteer corps as have been formed by the European settlers or born Australians, for instance, of British race, like the New South Wales Lancers and Mounted Rifles, concerning whose appearance it may at once be observed that they are mostly taller and more finely grown than the average of men in the southern and western counties of England, as well as in some of our manufacturing towns. This may be partly the effect of a more genial climate and open-air habits of life. The New South Wales Lancers, who arrived in England last week, muster thirty-two, including the officers, Lieutenants Cox, King, and

Timothy; their uniform is of a brownish grey cloth with silvered facings, a red and yellow belt, a "cowboy" hat jauntily adorned with a bunch of cock's feathers, brown leather top-boots, and dark brown gloves; they carry a lance and a heavy sabre; horses will be lent them by the

of them in this mixed collection of warriors from remote lands now in London; they are smart little fellows, in brown holland uniforms, with bright red caps, and do not seem particularly dangerous, having learnt a lesson of civilisation so far as to restrain the homicidal instinct.



THE SIERRA LEONE FRONTIER POLICE.

Scots Greys. In the tropical regions, where the white men are extremely few compared with the negro population, native armed police must be employed, or men of non-European races whose fidelity can be relied upon must be imported from another part of the same region, able constantly to endure its climate without danger to their health. This expedient is resorted to in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa. The excellent negro troops called the West India Regiment, a regular military force, one battalion of which is always stationed on the West African coast, will not, of course, be confounded with the merely local bodies of armed police, from Trinidad and from British Guiana, shown in our present Illustrations, or with the Sierra Leone Frontier Police and similar constabulary; these may be available occasionally in aid of important military expeditions, but can scarcely rank as part of the Queen's Army. In British North Borneo there is a police formed of Dyaks, the aboriginal race of that island, formerly under Malay rule, a ferocious population of tribal savages, addicted to head-hunting for the sake of pastime, and for their pride in its sanguinary trophies as proofs of manhood. There are fifteen



BRITISH NORTH BORNEO POLICE: OFFICER IN CHARGE, CAPTAIN W. RAFFLES FLINT.

Photographs by Lascelles and Co., Fitzroy Square.

PERSONAL.

Kensington calls itself "the royal suburb," and boasts of being the birthplace of the Queen. But this is quite unscientific, as Westminster is loud in pointing out. Kensington Palace is actually in the parish of Westminster, and pays rates to Westminster Vestry. That fact ought to lessen, not increase, the bitterness of the lot of Westminster. It has at least the cash, if Kensington has the glory.

Military education has lost one of its foremost exponents by the sudden death of Lieutenant-General Edward



Photo Ball, Regent Street.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL E. O. HEWETT.

Osborne Hewett, C.M.G., Governor and Commandant of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. General Hewett, who was in his sixty-second year, lately sustained a very severe accident, which broke his leg, in the course of a game of tennis, but it was not anticipated at the time

that his vigorous constitution would succumb to the illness which ensued. General Hewett was the second son of the late Colonel John Hewett, of Glamorganshire, and received his commission in the Royal Engineers close on forty-three years ago, after being educated at Cheltenham College and the Woolwich Academy. His knowledge of military science brought him to the front in 1875, when he was appointed to the post of Commandant in the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, and after holding office in that capacity for nine years, he came home to take up the appointment of Colonel on the Commanding Staff at Devonport. Four years ago he was moved from Devonport to Chatham, to be Commandant of the School of Military Engineering in that town, where he remained until his promotion to Woolwich in April 1895. He was buried with military honours at Gillingham on Tuesday last.

Lady Warwick's Jubilee party at Warwick Castle was an immense success. The attractions, many and varied, included performing elephants and the Blue Hungarian Band. But nothing was so popular as "the delineation of handwriting" by a lady engaged as an expert in this department of character-reading. For three hours she was surrounded by a crowd clamorous for self-knowledge. Among the many tendencies noted as belonging to the longest reign should certainly be included the increase of interest in all sorts of divination and thought-reading, in palmistry and in fortune-telling, which has marked the Victorian era. The wise woman and the astrologist who flourished in the days of the Stuarts have very close representatives and successors to-day, quite as popular at garden-parties in London as they are at fêtes such as Lady Warwick's in the provinces.

The many social functions of this season are said to be likely to lead to a specially long list of engagements to marry. The Marquis of Waterford (Royal Horse Guards) gallantly heads the list, his future wife being Lady Beatrix Fitzmaurice, youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne.

The representative of Leo XIII. at the Jubilee festivities will be Monsignor Sambucetti. He speaks English fluently, but with a slightly American accent, as is natural; for it was in the United States that he learned our language. Like Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla in 1887, the delegate will be the guest of the Duke of Norfolk in St. James's Square. A reception in his honour will be given by the Duke of Norfolk, another by the Marquis of Bute, and another by Cardinal Vaughan. The delegate brings to the Queen from his master not only an autograph letter, but the present of a piece of furniture.

Lady Astley, who has died at Brighton after a long illness, was a grand-daughter of the eighth Duke of St. Albans. She did not outlive by many years her husband, Sir John Astley, who twenty-five years ago was perhaps the most popular and the most admired man in London clubland.

At the Battle of Domokos a Swedish lieutenant, Robert Sinclair, was among the killed. As his name denotes, he had ties with Scotland, being himself a left-handed member of the family which has the Earl of Caithness at its head; and he was not the only one of his race who took service under the Swedish flag. In Norway, too, there is the popular Sinclair ballad, recounting the killing of some three hundred Scottish soldiers, who, partly under George Sinclair, landed in the Romsdal Fiord and set out on a march to Sweden to help the young Gustavus Adolphus in his war against Denmark. But they were waylaid by hostile peasants and done to death to the last man. Several noble Swedish families have Scottish blood in their veins, the famous minister Ferson, for instance, being the descendant of a Highland Macpherson.

Very English in sound is the surname of Baron Oscar Dickson, the great supporter of Arctic enterprise, who died on Saturday night, aged seventy-three, at his estate in Sweden. The late Baron made liberal contributions to various expeditions to the North, and perhaps he regarded Nansen's triumphs as in some measure the crown of his career. His patriotism took practical form also in various attempts to improve the breed of horses in Sweden— attempts which brought him to this country as a buyer of

thoroughbred stock for importation into the stables of his native land.

The "ladies' race" at Epsom did not seem to diminish the attendance at the Fourth of June celebration at Eton College. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were among the brilliant throng present; and the procession of boats on the river was a dangerous competitor in popularity with the cricket-match. Old Etonians, who were present in great numbers, came away with the fewest possible sighs over the deterioration of the schoolboy race.

Mr. Monk, Conservative member for Gloucester, was one of the hundred members of Parliament who signed the famous telegram to the King of Greece. Lord Salisbury condemned these gentlemen as largely responsible for the war; but in reply to a remonstrance from the member for Gloucester, he explains that he did not know Mr. Monk was amongst the culprits. Apparently there are reasons for exculpating Mr. Monk which do not apply to the rest of the hundred M.P.s. The distinction is rather mysterious, but it belongs to the little ironies of party government.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is to institute an inquiry into the suicide of a schoolboy at Haileybury. This unfortunate lad, in a letter written just before his death, complained that his life was made unbearable by the conduct of three boys, who bullied him on account of his views of the Cretan question. Somebody commenting on this makes the wise remark that no boy of sixteen ought to have opinions; but anyone who has ever been to boarding-school knows that the scholastic interest in public affairs is keen, and even violent. The Head Master of Haileybury has explained that the boy who committed suicide was subjected to no exceptional treatment by his comrades, and the monitor who had him under supervision "never saw any reason for interference," and attributes the tragedy to "suicidal mania." If this be accurate, it seems odd that a boy at Haileybury should be liable to "suicidal mania" without exciting any misgiving whatsoever among his masters.

The Bishop of Wakefield is accused of having hauled down the flag of England. He wrote a Jubilee hymn, in which "England" figured for Great Britain and Scotland. This brought protests from some Scotch gentlemen, at whose suggestion the Bishop meekly substituted "Britain." For this he has been severely criticised by some patriotic English journalists, who forget that Britain is the comprehensive term used in the national song "Rule, Britannia." Another difficulty arises, however, for Britain does not include Ireland. Probably some genius of compromise will propose to coin the word "Briternia" out of Britain and Hibernia, to express the national sentiment on Jubilee Day.

There is some prospect of a reopening of the Dreyfus case. Captain Dreyfus was sentenced by a military tribunal in Paris to imprisonment for life on the charge of selling State secrets to a foreign Government. The case was heard in secret, and the exact nature of the evidence has never been disclosed. The prisoner's friends, however, have never ceased to assert his innocence, and it is now claimed that conviction was obtained by means of forged documents. Captain Dreyfus is of Jewish blood, and the suggestion appears to be that he is the victim of an anti-Semitic conspiracy. At any rate, his family hope to induce the French Government to grant a new trial.

State etiquette in Paris has emerged from an awkward dilemma. When ladies are congratulated by the President of the Republic, it is the rule for him to confer a paternal salute. President Faure has fulfilled this obligation in the case of Sisters of Charity, but when it came to be the turn of an actress the situation was delicate. Mlle. Marsy, of the Comédie Française, owned the winner of the Auteuil steeplechase, and the President was called upon to express the usual rapture. He appears to have deputed somebody to perform the ceremony, though why the head of the Republic should concern himself with steeplechases is one of the mysteries of French tradition.

An Asiatic explorer of remarkable courage, endurance, and insight, and one whose actual accomplishment was far

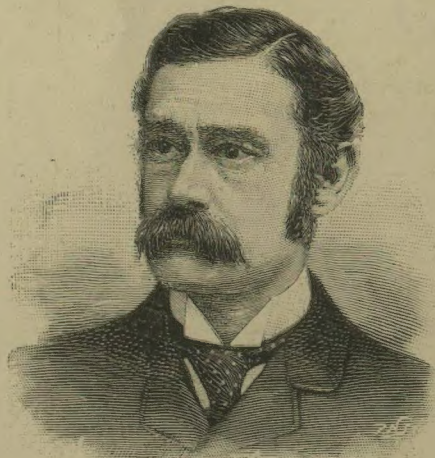


Photo Manill and Fox.
THE LATE MR. NEY ELIAS.

in excess of his meed of public recognition, has passed away in the person of Mr. Ney Elias, formerly British Consul-General at Meshed, Persia, who died of blood-poisoning on May 31, in London. The dead traveller's own modesty was to a great extent the cause of his comparative obscurity, for beyond the one public honour of the Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire, he declined all official tribute to his exploits in China and Central Asia. He began life in China in a business capacity, and first became known to fame in 1871 by his daring overland journey across Asia, which included the discovery of an unknown route through the Desert of Gobi. He was subsequently employed by the Government of India on a number of political missions, which involved a good deal of travel. It was in 1885 that he accomplished one of his most remarkable journeys, passing from Chinese Turkestan through the heart of the Pamirs into the district of Herat and returning through Chitral. The decision of the boundary questions between Burma and Siam was later

entrusted to his judgment, and six years ago he was made British Consul-General at Meshed.

There is an indignant denial from Hyderabad of the story that the Nizam's great diamond had been stolen and a piece of paste substituted. It will be interesting to know whether the stone is really coming to England as a present to the Queen. The inhabitants of Ceylon have sent her Majesty a magnificent casket, studded with gems on the authenticity of which no slur has been thrown.

The venerable reformer, Dr. F. R. Lees, died, as he would have wished, in harness, for he had journeyed to

Halifax to address a temperance meeting on the morning of the day which was to close his long and active life. Born near Leeds in 1815, and educated in his earlier years at a preparatory school, Frederick Richard Lees passed on to the University of Giessen, whence he eventually emerged a Doctor of



Photo Downer, Wctford.
THE LATE DR. F. R. LEES.

Philosophy. After taking up his abode in England once more, he soon embarked upon the strenuous work of social improvement with which his name has long been honourably connected. The Reform Bills, and the stir which they involved, gave him his first opportunity, and the close of the crusade against slavery found in him an able champion of liberty. Thenceforth he was more or less prominently identified with every important reform, social and political, of his times; but his most notable work for many years past has been done in the cause of temperance, or rather of total abstinence, for he was no believer in compromise.

The Society for Psychical Research ought to have something to say to a correspondent of the *Times* who, having investigated the phenomena of a "haunted house" in Scotland, pronounces the whole story to be a fraud, and winds up with a violent attack on the S.P.R. It seems that Lord Bute took the house on account of its eerie reputation, and invited the psychical researchers to see what they could make of its supposed ghosts. Their side of the story has not been made public; but there can be no doubt that the correspondent of the *Times*, who visited the place and slept there, was not honoured with any ghostly confidences. He heard noises, which he traced to natural causes, and he asserts that the phenomena which give the house its name were partly invented by practical jokers and partly "fudged up" in London. The S.P.R. must favour the world with its opinion of this witness.

The gold casket and key, together with the address presented to her Majesty by the Sheffield Corporation on the occasion of the opening of the new Town Hall on May 21, will be on view at the City show-rooms of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 2, Queen Victoria Street (facing the Mansion House), from to-day until June 17.

MUSIC.

Owing to the continued indisposition of M. Jean de Reszke, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, has perforce been compelled to decline upon somewhat dull things—a fact which, perhaps, proves the unwisdom of depending too closely upon the condition of one splendid voice. In consequence, the only new thing among last week's operas was that old opera "La Traviata," in which Madame Saville took the part of the strange heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias." It is a pity that Madame Saville did not make her début in the part this season, for she took it really admirably, with here and there a touch of Melba, but for the most part with a large element of originality in her impersonation. Her singing in that most difficult scene of the death at the end was quite exquisite. She was supported by, on the whole, an intelligent cast, M. Salignac being an excellent Alfredo, and Signor Ancona—who revelled in every detail of his beloved Italian opera—did the heavy father to perfection.

Last Saturday Van Dyck sang the part of Lohengrin in the original German version of that beautiful opera—a part with which hitherto this season M. Jean de Reszke has associated himself. M. Van Dyck's reading is very different from that of M. de Reszke, who strives to attain the purely ideal Lohengrin whose emotions are well under control of his intellectual spirit. To Van Dyck the character appeals on its more human side, on its side of the love of Elsa; when he leaves her it is with a passion of regret. Both Lohengrins are possible, and in the hands of these artists both are gloriously worked out; but perhaps the beauty of De Reszke's reading is, after all, more exquisite than the intensity of Van Dyck's.

On Thursday of last week Madame Patti made her first appearance this season at the Albert Hall, when she sang no less than six times. Her songs fell naturally into two divisions, the florid and the quiet, and it may be recorded that she sang her quiet songs with far greater beauty and success than the other kind. In such compositions as "Il Bacio," for example, the flexibility of her voice was a little strained; you felt a general sense of effort. On the other hand, when she sang "Voi che sapete," with its long liquid notes, her voice was intensely tender and lovely, and the same criticism applies to her interpretation of the first part of "Batti, batti." In a word, if Madame Patti will choose her songs carefully, she still remains in certain points without a living rival.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian, is at Balmoral, and on Sunday morning attended divine worship at Crathie Presbyterian Church. Viscount Cross is the Minister of State in waiting on the Queen. Her Majesty will be at Windsor on June 18.

A State Ball was given at Buckingham Palace on Friday night, on behalf of the Queen; the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of the Belgians, and several of our Princes and Princesses made their appearance.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, were at Epsom races on the Derby Day, June 2; also the Duke and Duchess of York. On Friday the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of York, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge were again at those races for the Oaks. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family went to Sandringham, where on Monday their Royal Highnesses, with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and her husband and the Duke of Teck, were present in the church at the christening, performed by the Archbishop of York, of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York. The Prince of Wales returned to London on Tuesday.

The Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, on different occasions last week presided or took part in annual dinners of regimental officers, with other distinguished guests. On Tuesday last the Duke of Connaught inspected the contingents of Colonial troops on parade at Chelsea barracks. His Royal Highness, on June 4, the birthday of King George III., attended the customary school festivities at Eton, having a son among the pupils there.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ellicott, who has been Bishop of the united dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol during thirty-four years past, on Friday, in Bristol Cathedral, bade farewell to the clergy and laity of that diocese, which henceforth will have a separate Bishop.

The election of a member of Parliament for the Petersfield Division of Hampshire was decided on Tuesday, Mr. W. G. Nicholson, the Conservative, being returned by a majority of 420 over Mr. J. Bonham-Carter, of the Liberal party. The House of Commons adjourned on Friday evening, June 4, for the Whitsuntide holidays.

The South Africa Committee on Friday, before adjourning to June 25, received the evidence of Lord Selborne, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and heard the addresses of counsel—namely, Mr. Pope, Q.C., for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Pember for another director of the South Africa Company, Mr. Alfred Beit, and Lord Robert Cecil, for the secretary of that company, Dr. Rutherford Harris.

The Federated Institute of Mining Engineers held its annual Conference on Thursday and Friday last week at the United Service Institution, Mr. Lindsay Wood presiding, to receive for discussion reports or essays of scientific and technical interest.

A new ship for the Cape and Natal mail service of the Union Steam-ship Company, the *Briton*, a twin-screw steamer built at Belfast by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, was launched there on Saturday, when Lord Dufferin, as guest of the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Alderman W. J. Pirrie, and of Sir F. Evans, chairman of the company, at Ulster Hall, made a speech, congratulating them upon the increasing prosperity of shipbuilding and of maritime trade with the British Colonies.

The Chairman of the London County Council, Dr. Collins, opened, last Monday, the small new public park at Deptford, part of the grounds of Sayes Court, the residence of John Evelyn in the seventeenth century, purchased by the County Council and the Greenwich District Board of Works on terms liberally granted by Mr. W. J. Evelyn, of Wotton.

The annual Cart-Horse Parade, which took place in Regent's Park on Whit-Monday, attracted a multitude of spectators. It was the twelfth of these useful and interesting shows, and the best, with 781 horses and 645 drivers; prizes offered by the Society, of which Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., is president, were awarded by the judges, Lord Verulam, Lord Arthur Cecil, and other gentlemen connoisseurs. At Cambridge House, where

Sir Walter Gilbey entertained a large company, the Duchess of Montrose presented the prizes to the most deserving competitors, and a few speeches were made. There was also the Horse Show at the Crystal Palace, the Great National, which was one of the most popular and successful exhibitions of the holiday week.

A thick fog in the Channel and the North Sea on Saturday caused fatal collisions of vessels. The *Roecliff*, a large steamer laden with wheat, belonging to Sunderland, was sunk off Beachy Head, and the chief mate, carpenter, and two engineers were drowned. Five men of a fishing cutter, the *Try Again*, of Yarmouth, perished by a German mail steamer running her down. The schooner *Pearl*, of London, carrying cement to South Wales, was sunk by a Liverpool steamer, off the Wolff Light, the captain's wife and two seamen lost their lives. A Dutch steamer, which was struck by one from London in the North Sea, foundered immediately, and two passengers were drowned. Several other disasters are reported.

A large schooner, the *Micronesia*, with a cargo of nitrates, caught fire early on Monday morning while passing the Goodwin Sands. The flames were seen from Margate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate, which sent out their life-boats to give assistance. The crew of the schooner were taken ashore, and a steam-tug brought in the damaged vessel, the fire having consumed its fore-part, but no lives had been lost.

The final appeal to the House of Lords from the decision of the Court of Appeal Lords Justices against the judgment of Mr. Justice Kennedy in the trial which took place in the

Minister of Foreign Affairs, to St. Petersburg is a topic of political interest much discussed.

Destructive floods, caused by a sudden enormous rainfall, at Voiron, near Grenoble, on Saturday night, have caused sad destruction in the valley of the Morge, with its populous manufacturing villages. Many silk-factories and paper-mills have been wrecked, and four thousand work-people are thrown out of employ.

In the coal-mining district of Upper Silesia the subsidence of the ground above some colliery-pits has rendered many villages uninhabitable, and nearly six hundred families, driven from their homes, are in much distress.

A very embarrassing Ministerial crisis has occurred in Spain, upon the sudden resignation of Señor Canovas, the able Conservative Premier. The Queen Regent consulted Señor Sagasta, leader of the Liberal party, and Marshal Martinez Campos, late Governor of Cuba, but it appears that Señor Canovas has now consented to resume office and to form a new Ministry.

The Volksraad of the Orange Dutch Free State has passed a Bill conceding the electoral franchise to foreigners who, after three years' residence, will become naturalised citizens, without renouncing allegiance to their native country.

The Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, left Cape Town on June 2 for England to attend the Queen's Jubilee celebration. The Afrikaner Bond, representing many thousands of the Dutch inhabitants of that colony, led by Mr. Hofmeyr, has presented to the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, a loyal Address of congratulation to the Queen upon her sixty years' reign.



MR. GUBBINS'S GALTEE MORE, WINNER OF THE DERBY.

High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division, in the case of "Allen v. Flood and Taylor," an action concerning the interference of the Boilermakers' Trades Union with the employment of shipwrights on iron work at the Mill-wall Docks, has at length come to an end. The opinions of the eight Judges called to advise the House of Lords upon the question of law were read on Thursday before the Lord Chancellor, when it appeared that six of them were in favour of the original decision by Mr. Justice Kennedy and of its confirmation by three Lords Justices of Appeal. There were two dissentients, Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Wright. The House of Lords will now give final judgment. Allen, who has appealed, was the district delegate in London of the Boilermakers' Union, who brought pressure to bear on the Glengall Iron Company to enforce the dismissal of Flood and Taylor, two shipwrights, because they did not belong to that union, for which act, as wrongful and malicious, damages to the amount of £40 were awarded in the trial by Mr. Justice Kennedy and a common jury. This view of law and right has now been affirmed by ten of the twelve Judges.

Gangs of street boys fighting at intervals in a feud between the rival factions of Chapel Street and Margaret Street, Clerkenwell, have armed themselves with revolvers, by which, on Thursday evening, June 3, a little girl, Margaret Jane Smith, aged twelve, a cabman's daughter, was shot dead. The coroner's jury has found a verdict of manslaughter against a youth of seventeen, George Robson, alias Baker, and has recommended stringent legislation against carrying or possessing fire-arms without a license.

In France, on Monday, at St. Quintin in Picardy, the President of the Republic inaugurated an historical monument erected to commemorate the citizens' defence of that town against the Spaniards in 1557. The intended official visit of President Faure and M. Hanotaux, the

the declaration of the six Great Powers that neither of the lately belligerent States, Turkey and Greece, should be allowed to keep the dominion of any territory belonging to the other. Meanwhile, they are tardily making arrangements for the pacification of the emancipated island of Crete, where a regular native police force is to be organised at a cost of one million sterling, to be provided by a loan with the joint guarantee of the European Powers.

THE DERBY.

It has not been a record year in the annals of the Derby. The lack of interest in the race itself, arising from the general concession that its result was a foregone conclusion, coupled with the near approach of the all-absorbing Diamond Jubilee celebrations, sufficed to rob even so popular an event as the Derby of some measure of its habitual popularity; but a very representative Derby Day gathering nevertheless assembled, though not in record numbers, to witness the victory of Mr. Gubbins's Galtee More. The royal party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Connaught, the King of the Belgians, the King of Wurtemberg, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge. The race itself was uneventful, inasmuch as it merely fulfilled the general expectation. Prime Minister took the lead at the start, and the Prince of Wales's Oakdene showed in front for a moment after the horses got into the straight, but Galtee More then took the lead, and kept it easily, Lord Rosebery's Velasquez trying in vain to make a race of it, and Wood rode the Irish horse past the post amid loud cheering. Galtee More, the son of Kendal, was marked down as a Derby winner by many good judges after his victory over Velasquez in the Middle Park Plate, and it will be remembered that his successes in the Two Thousand and Newmarket Stakes this year were very easily gained.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

The aspect of peace negotiations, conducted between Greece and Turkey, through diplomatic mediation of the Great Powers, does not look promising; for the Sultan, urged apparently by Turkish national pride and Moslem religious enthusiasm now thoroughly roused among his Mohammedan subjects and soldiers, claims to retain Thessaly as a reconquered province of his empire, while he would consent to the annexation of Crete to the Greek kingdom by way of compensation. It is rumoured that this compromise would be regarded not unfavourably by Russia, Germany, and Austria, but would certainly be opposed by Great Britain, France, and Italy, as inconsistent with

THE STOCKHOLM EXHIBITION.

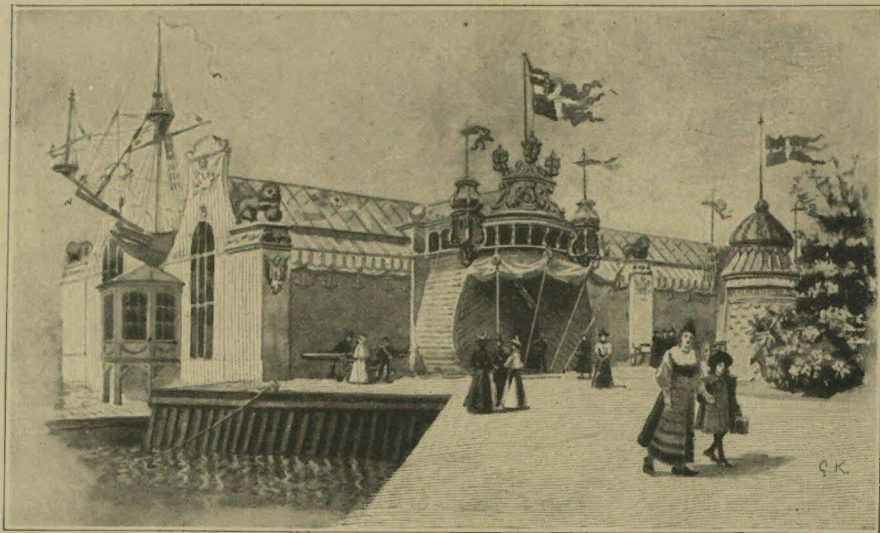
Stockholm—the gay, the festive, the picturesque city of the North—will this summer be one of the principal show-places of the year, and will, no doubt, also attract numerous English tourists and holiday-makers. Stockholm itself is always an attraction, as all visitors to the old Swedish capital can testify. Its situation is one of the finest in Europe, if not in the world; and the numerous charming public resorts in and outside the city, and the pleasant trips in the balmy summer evenings on the lake Mälare, with its numerous wooded islands, contribute not a little towards the delightful impression that the visitor carries away with him of Stockholm. This year its outdoor attractions will be considerably increased by the interesting Industrial and Art Exhibition, which has just been opened by King Oscar in the grounds of the Djurgården, the favourite park of the Stockholmers, and where two or three days can be most pleasantly and profitably spent quite apart from the time required to “do” the lions of the city itself.

The intending visitor may proceed either by steamer from London or Hull to Gothenburg, and thence by rail to Stockholm, or by the Overland Route via Queenborough and Flushing, or via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, the journey occupying from two and a half to three days. Travelling on the Swedish railways is most convenient and pleasant, and the sumptuous and moderately priced dinners and suppers served at the Swedish railway stations will not easily be forgotten. The Exhibition can be most conveniently reached from the centre of Stockholm by small steamers or by tram, but the distance can easily be walked in fifteen to twenty minutes. On entering the Exhibition one is at once attracted by the principal building, the Great Industrial Hall, built in the Moorish style, with a large cupola and minarets, and said to be the largest wooden structure in the world; it covers in all an area of 17,000 square metres. The industries of the three Scandinavian countries are well represented in this magnificent hall, where room has also been found for some Russian exhibitors. The height of the great cupola is nearly 100 metres, and from its top a splendid view is obtained of the city with its numerous inlets, bays, and islands. The Machinery Hall is a large building of iron and glass, and covers a floor-surface of 10,000 square metres. The Swedes are great inventors and excellent engineers and mechanics, to which the numerous exhibits in this department bear witness. Norway and Denmark are also worthily represented by all kinds of steam and fire engines, sawing and planing machinery, motors, etc.

The Army and Navy department, near the Machinery Hall, forms a special attraction of the Exhibition. The entrance to the Navy exhibits represents the stern of a man-of-war of the seventeenth century, while that to the Army exhibits is formed by a tent, gaily painted and decorated in the style of the same century. The Northern Museum, in the eastern section of the Exhibition, contains the products of handicraft and different trades, and affords an excellent opportunity for study of the state of education,

its origin. There is a beautiful model of a parish school, fitted up with benches, tools, and all necessary apparatus for the Sloyd system, where the visitor can wander about and study at leisure. This particular department of the Exhibition cannot but convince one of the remarkable success of a system which cultivates the physical as well as the intellectual faculties of children.

In the unique Fishery Hall, facing the bay, the fishing industries of Sweden and Denmark are fairly well represented, while Norway, in a separate building, has a very fine and interesting show of everything connected with this, her all-important industry. There are numerous separate pavilions and exhibits in the grounds, such as those of the Sandvik Iron Works, the Stora Kopparbergs, Bergslags Aktiebolag, etc., all of the greatest interest to specialists in iron and steel. This industry is one of the most important of Sweden, and from Domnarfvet and



ARMY AND NAVY EXHIBITS.

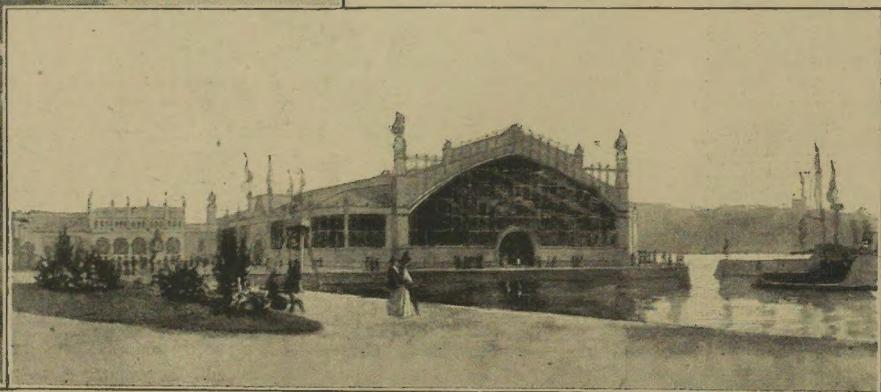
The Art Galleries at the Exhibition contain a large and representative collection of works by the artists of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, affording the foreign student and lover of art the best opportunity for studying the schools of the three countries, each being quite distinct and characteristic. Some beautiful sculpture will be found in the Swedish Gallery. There are also a number of foreign exhibitors, and among the English pictures will be found Mr. G. F. Watts's “Paolo and Francesca,” Sir Edward Burne-Jones's “Fall of Lucifer,” and Mr. Whistler's “Girl in White.”

There is, of course, an “Old Stockholm” in the Exhibition grounds, with reproductions of old houses and buildings of about the date 1600. You can buy all sorts of articles in the small, old-fashioned shops; you can eat and drink in the cellar of the old Stockholm Town Hall, and afterwards you can spend a pleasant half-hour in the Bollhouse Theatre, where short pieces are performed in quite the old style.

There is also a Tourist's and Sportsman's Exhibition, containing scenes depicting of nature and sportsman's life in the North. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and



THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL HALL.



THE MACHINERY HALL.

two other works alone, where soft Swedish charcoal-wrought iron is made, the annual production is 55,000 tons of pig iron, 35,000 tons of Bessemer ingots, 25,000 tons of Siemens-Martin ingots, 47,000 tons of rolled and hammered iron and steel of all kinds, 600 tons of horse-shoe nails, etc.

One of the most interesting and popular sections of the Exhibition is the so-called “Skansen,” a collection of huts and cottages illustrating the life of the people from the time of the Vikings to the present, and furnished and fitted up with veritable specimens of furniture and household utensils from the period they represent, which the well-known Dr. Hazelius has been collecting for so many years all over Norway and Sweden. There are also in this section some Lapland huts with genuine Laplanders in their picturesque garb, all of which the tourist would

otherwise have to travel hundreds of miles to see. Occasional fêtes will be held here in the “Skansen,” when old dances will be reproduced and quaint songs and ballads will be sung, furnishing a graphic illustration of the amusements of former generations of Norsemen and Swedes.

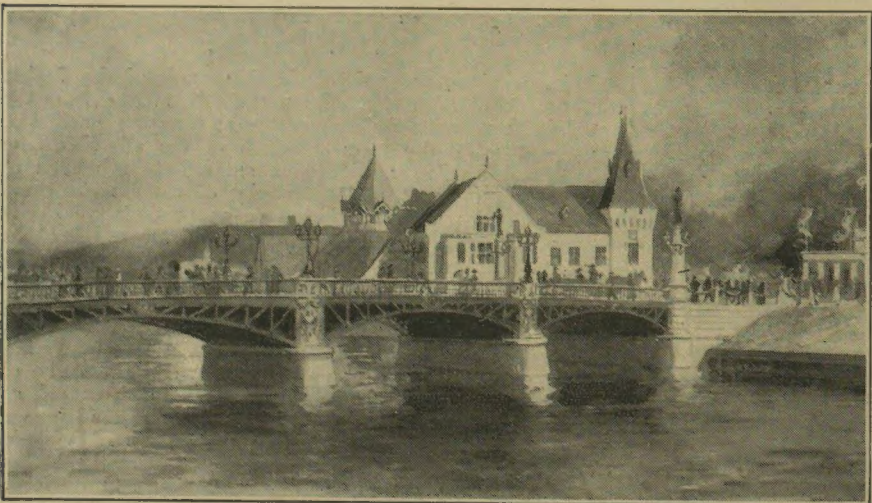
although they are not very large, they are undoubtedly the most picturesque that an Exhibition has been able to secure. The Exhibition must, on the whole, be considered an artistic success, and the Stockholmers may well be proud of their efforts to celebrate in a worthy manner the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Oscar the Second's ascension of the throne.

The visitor to the Stockholm Exhibition should include in his trip a visit to the beautiful district of Dalecarlia, celebrated for its lakes and picturesque peasant costumes. The trip can be made comfortably in a couple of days. A Sunday should, if possible, be chosen for this excursion; the gaily dressed peasantry will then be seen crossing the lake on their way to church in their large eight-oared boats—a sight never to be forgotten.

In returning home, the English visitor should proceed by the well-known Göta Canal from Stockholm to Gothenburg, the delightful trip occupying two days and two nights. The steamers are most elegantly fitted up, and the living on board is of the best. The celebrated falls of Trollhättan are passed shortly before the arrival at Gothenburg.

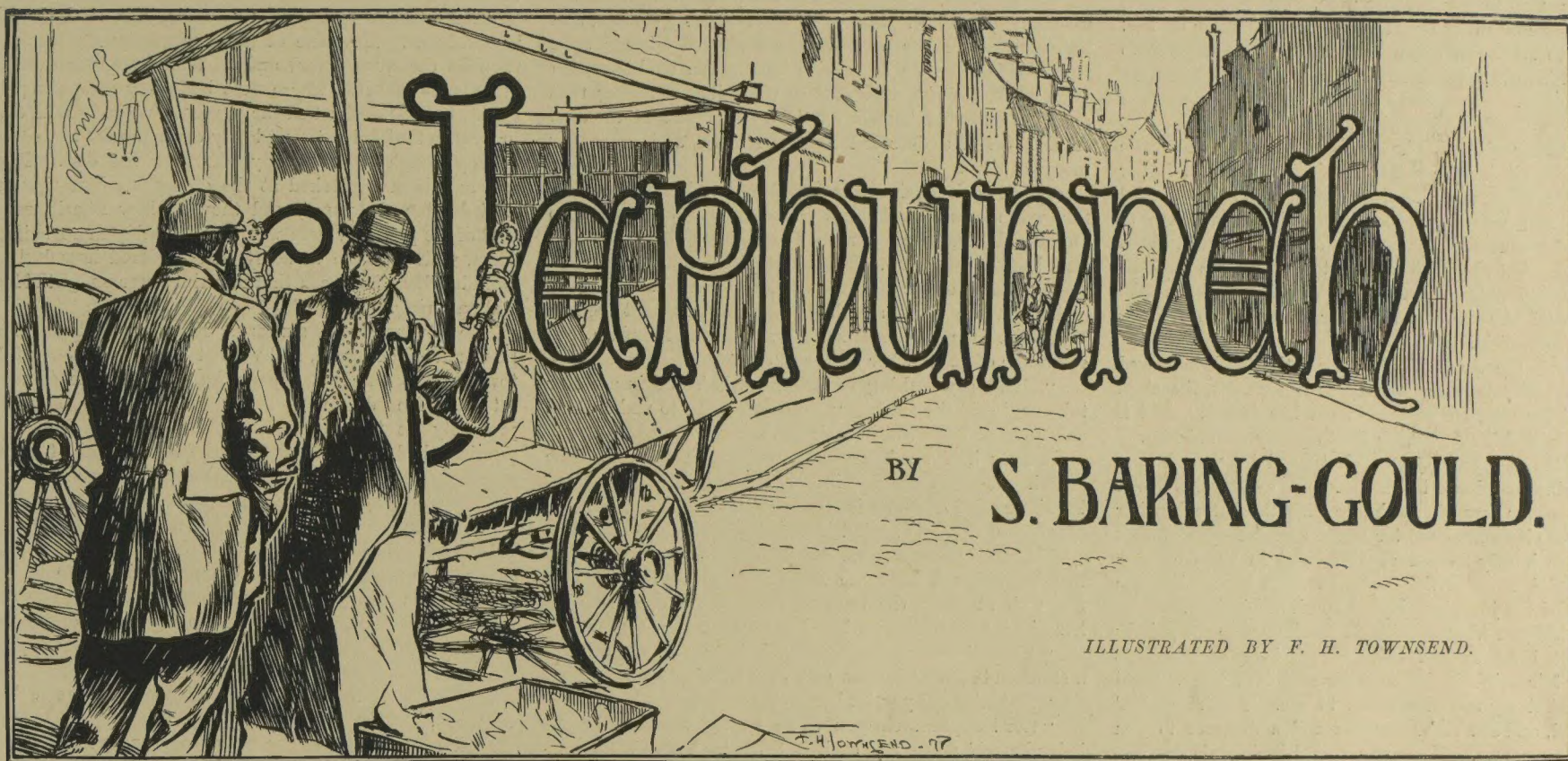
H. L. B.

To meet the convenience of the numerous visitors to the Handel Festival on June 11 and the three Festival days, the Brighton Railway Company are arranging to run special fast trains from Victoria, Addison Road, and London Bridge. The last of these special trains will, on the rehearsal day, leave Victoria 11.15 a.m., and London Bridge 11.20 a.m., and on the three Festival days will leave Victoria 1.20 p.m., Addison Road 1 p.m., and London Bridge 1.20 p.m. For visitors from the South Coast and Isle of Wight, cheap day return tickets will be issued by all trains.



THE DJURGÅRDEN BRIDGE, WITH ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND PART OF ENTRANCE.

the architecture and engineering of the country, as well as of the highly developed sanitary improvements of the city of Stockholm. English visitors to the Exhibition will not fail to make a closer acquaintance with the well-known Sloyd system, as practised in the country of



A SINGULAR man was Jephunneh; the village wags said—and village humour is cumbrous—that there was nothing “funny” about him except his name. He had never been a frequenter of the alehouse, never made one in a frolic, was silent, reserved, and stern in manner. But Jephunneh lived several miles from the “church-town,” in a cottage beyond a vast stretch of moor, high up among rocks, looking west, with its windows flashing fire as the sun went down. They were small windows, but for all that they blazed as bright as the declining orb. And it was said that the eyes of Jephunneh lit up with a like flare suddenly and occasionally; but just as the flicker of setting day in the little windows was not fierce and menacing, but golden and glorious, so was it with the light in Jephunneh’s eyes—there was a softness and beauty in the splendour that blazed out of them that alarmed none.

Such a light had arisen and streamed from his orbs when he was courting Mabel Rowe; and such a light now rose and flashed when a word was spoken relative to “Little Dott,” his one child, his only belonging—left to him when his Mabel died.

Jephunneh was a quarryman. There were large works under a granite tor, where a scar was made in the face of the moor, and blocks were extracted and despatched to serve for the building of breakwaters and the paving of streets; but when wood-blocks supplanted stone, then for the formation of the kerb to footways.

At his work he was silent—a diligent man, with whom the overseer had never to find fault; but he was not popular with his fellow-quarrymen; he was too much self-contained for that. Some said he was haughty; others, however, asked what he had to be proud of? Then when Mabel was alive, the first said: “Why, for sure, he thinks, he do, he’s gotten the bravest and most beautiful woman in the world; and he’s set up over that.”—But when Mabel died, then they said: “He reckons there ain’t such a chick of a little ’un as his Dott not nowhere; and he’s terrible conceited over that. As if us hadn’t babbies, too, or could have ’em if us wanted ’em, and just as fine.”

At lunch-hour, Jephunneh sat by himself. It was not always so. He had not been churlish; he had taken his bag with his pasty and bottle of cold tea to the shed where the rest sat; and though he had not talked much, he had listened to what the rest said, to their political sentiments, their local gossip, and their banter of each other. At such times some of the men had turned to Jephunneh, and asked after Little Dott; and at once his face had lighted up, and the silent tongue had

become voluble, and the hazel eyes had become soft and luminous; but after a while he thought that he perceived that he was being made game of, that his fellow-workmen were poking fun at him, and, touched where most sensitive, he drew into himself, became frozen, and retreated from their company to eat by himself in some sun-bathed nook among the furze and heather, under a great granite mass mottled with lichen splashed with orange stains and capped with velvet moss.

When first aware that he was being made sport of, he did not flare into anger, but rose, and touching his forelock, withdrew without a word. Those whom he deserted looked at each other, and felt a qualm. Yet on occasion Jephunneh was known to burst into an explosion of wrath terrible to all who came under his resentment; but this

was seldom—never when himself was concerned, only when a wrong was done to some woman, child, or dumb animal.

He was said to have nearly killed a brutal fellow who, with a dog, was driving a crippled lamb over sharp stones. The creature had been born with the front legs bent, so that it could progress only on its knees. The man was amusing himself with urging on a dog to bark and snap at and worry the animal, and make it scramble on its knees in a paroxysm of terror among rocks where every stone cut it.

Little Dott was now five years old, and could talk: a lively child, fair like her mother, but with her father’s dark eyes. Mabel had lived till the little one was three, and had died of congestion of the lungs after influenza.

Then Jephunneh had summoned his sister to manage



Suddenly the child started in her aunt's lap. She stretched her arms and cried, “Dada! Dada!”

the house for him and attend to his child. Marianne was somewhat older than her brother, with a hard face and stony eyes, thin lips, and sharp nose. She resented being obliged to live on the moors, away from the stream of life. She was at that period when a woman is saying farewell to youth and is aware that her last chance of getting married is escaping her. She persisted in recommending Jephunneh to get a second wife, and snarled at him because he paid no attention to her advice. She attributed her exile to Little Dott—it was all for the sake of this imp that her father shrank from remarriage, fearing lest a stepmother should be harsh and unloving. Marianne did not venture to express her resentment against the child when Jephunneh was present; but she exhibited no tenderness, no forbearance, no forethought, in her treatment of Little Dott. She was not cruel, she did not beat her, but she was towards her cold as an icicle.

This made the child cling to her father with increased love. Shut off from all sympathy with her aunt, the child clamoured for a double measure from her father. And if the man idolised his little girl, Dott equally adored him.

From the moment Jephunneh turned his face homeward, having laid down his tools in the quarry, his heart went before him towards the house with the little dancing figure before it looking out for Dada, and the eyes of that little house hardly flashed greater light in the declining sun than did those of the workman when from a distance he discerned the jumping, joyous speck at his door.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Marianne, as she grimly contemplated father and child wrapped in each other's arms, her fair hair mingled with his long dark locks. "I'll tell you what my experience sez to me. You're spoilin' of that girl, and she'll be a sorrow and a disgrace to you when she grows up. There was Tom Lippintrot's Janie—lor! what a fuss he made of she when her was a child, just about the age of your Dott; nothing was too good for her, none could okal her in looks and sweetness o' disposition, and so she was pampered and spoiled—and what was the end? She went to the bad altogether."

When she said this, a pain shot through the heart of Jephunneh; he withdrew from the lacing arms of the child, he put her down from his knee, and he sent her to her aunt, and sat brooding, looking into the fire, and lines formed in his face. Was the woman right? If so, then he must be more restrained in his love, more stern with his child, must not humour her fancies. And, for that he was a humble-minded man, he allowed that there might be truth in what Marianne said—she would not have said it without a motive—and he behaved with less manifestation of affection towards Dott for a week or two.

But the man's heart was too full of love to contain it for long. It was like a dammed stream. It might be held back for awhile, but eventually it must tear away the obstruction and resume its flow, at first in a tumultuous flood, then in a silver murmur.

Marianne had no occasion to reproach herself with non-fulfilment of her duty. She baked pasties for her brother as required. She washed, clothed, combed the child as required. She made him his cold tea daily, with milk and sugar to taste, as expected. She fed the little girl, as in duty bound. She washed the floors, made the beds, dusted the chairs, as expected, and she lectured and scolded Dott as occasion offered; what more could she do? What more was expected of her by God or her brother? But there was just that which she denied the child without which it could not have lived, any more than can a flower live without sunshine—love; and happy was it for Dott that this she received in abundant measure from her father.

Now it happened that the market-town within whose radius of attraction was the cottage on the moor occupied by Jephunneh, had its chief fair and festival on Old Michaelmas Day, when it was crowded with showmen and sightseers; when cheap-jacks, athletes, shooting booths cumbered the streets, and more roast goose was eaten, punch was drunk, and love was made than in all the rest of the year. Indeed, that day sealed the fate of most of the marriageable spinsters and of such frail youths as were liable to lapse into matrimony. For on that day all ate goose, and what young man after having eaten half a bird and handed the other half to a maiden, and after having toasted her in rum-punch in a hot and reeking parlour, charged with fumes of sage and onions, can forbear from throwing himself at her feet and offering his hand and heart?

It was really too monstrous that the fair should be held without the presence of Marianne—that the chance of her changing her fate should be allowed to slide.

She brooded over the thought, and resolved, by hook or by crook, to go. She threw out hints to her brother that he should chuck work for that day and take her and Dott to the fair, but he refused. There was pressure of work at the quarry, and Dott would be over-tired if taken to the town, and was too young to enjoy the fair, and the weather was also too treacherous for her health to be risked.

Marianne set her thin lips and said no more. But she had made her resolve. Go she would, and no Dott should prove a stop to her pleasure and prospects.

On the morning of Old Michaelmas Day, after having done what was necessary in the house, she extinguished the fire on the hearth, locked up the knives, placed food and milk on the table, bade the child amuse itself till her

return, and left the house and turned the key in the door, and then put the key into her pocket.

The distance to the town was fully eight miles, for the most part down hill. She was in her Sunday clothes, and had a purse in her pocket. She purposed coming back from the fair in time to receive her brother on his return from work, and she calculated on the child not telling that she had absented herself for the greater part of the day. A child of five does not read the clock and so cannot measure time.

Before dusk Marianne returned and unlocked the door. She was alarmed to hear a whimpering. She called to Dott, and discovered her on the floor—a floor of stone. She bade her get up. The child could not raise itself. Then the aunt found that Dott had been scrambling up and down the stairs and had fallen and injured herself. What the injury was the little girl could not explain, but she spoke of pain in her back and side.

"Don't say nothing to father, or he'll be in a pretty take on," said the aunt. "Dott don't like to make Dada unhappy, and she will be well to-morrow."

Hardly half an hour later Jephunneh arrived. The hearth was again warm, a fire was burning, and by it sat his sister with the child in her arms.

"Good Heavens! what is the matter!"

The quarryman at once saw that all was not right: the tear-beslubbered face, the large fevered eyes with dark rings about them, the unusual sight of the aunt nursing her niece, sent the man's blood in a rush to his heart.

"Nothin' serious," answered Marianne; "only a bit of a stomach-ache. Children gets that wi' over-eatin'."

"But why did you let her over-eat herself?"

"Lor! Jephunneh, you've so spoiled the girl that she helps herself when my back is turned. There's no containin' of her!"

"Come into my arms, darlin'," said Jephunneh.

The child made a movement, and the man passed his arms under her and lifted her on to his knees. The change of attitude caused her to cry with pain.

"Is anything hurtin' you?" he asked.

"My back, dada."

"That's plumbago," said the aunt. "I've had it after washin' scores of times. It runs in the family. Father had it, as you may mind. Mother used to put 'n on the kitching table and drop scalding taller over the place and clap on brown paper, and then iron him, as hot as he could bear. It's the change o' weather."

"I've a pain here, too," said the child, passing her hand over her chest.

"That's indigestion," remarked the aunt, "and for that nothin' ekals a sow-pig. I'll find her one to-morrow."

A sow-pig is a woodlouse; one of those curled-up, scaly balls is a favourite pill among rustics in the West of England.

"I'm not easy about her," mused Jephunneh; "my Mabel complained of pain just the same way afore she was took."

"It'll pass right enough. Children are like corks in water—down now, up next moment."

"I'll not risk it; I will go for the doctor."

"Doctor! fiddlesticks! That's how you throw away good money. A sow-pig costs nothing, and a doctor, I warrant, won't let you off under a guinea. Wait till to-morrow, and—more by token—I reckon a storm is coming on."

It was not the prospect of a storm that deterred him from going that evening, but the repeated assertion of his sister that with a good sleep the child would be better, and that there was no likelihood of his getting the doctor to come on fair-night so far, and that it would be better to wait till the morning, then go when time would have shown what really ailed the child.

Reluctantly he yielded, and next morning went to the town and summoned the doctor, who bade him wait till his return, or call again for the medicine. What was the matter with his Dott, Jephunneh could not say. The little girl had been feverish and in pain all the night, he had sat with her, and she had slept but fitfully, and never could be got to rest at all unless holding his hand.

The quarryman was scrupulously conscientious, and was uneasy at being away from his work without notice. He accordingly walked to the granite quarry, though eight or nine miles off up a tremendous ascent, to tell the foreman the reason of his absence and to prepare him to do without him, if need be, on the following day. It was five miles in another direction home, and for a moment Jephunneh hesitated whether to return at once to the town or go home before he went after the medicine. Considering that if he visited his own house first it would delay somewhat the moment of the arrival of the medicine, he resolved to return to the town.

But when he reached the surgery the doctor was not there. He was making a round of visits, and the servant said that she really did not know when he would return.

So the quarryman went into the town and walked about, looking at the relics of the fair, stalls that were being removed, contents of booths that were being packed away, shows in process of taking to pieces.

As he thus stood by one dismantled stall he noticed that a case about to be closed contained dolls.

"I say, Mister," said Jephunneh, "as you haven't put all away, sell me one."

"Which you please. Take your choice. Bootiful wax heads, fair hair, and real glass eyes. Now, Sir, you can't beat they."

The huckster produced two dolls, not clothed, with waxen busts. How one of these would delight his child! thought the quarryman, and without haggling over the price he bought it. There were but stray scraps of paper about, but the dealer tied the purchase up as best he could in a scrap that did not completely cover the doll.

Jephunneh walked away, carrying his doll. Every now and then he looked at the glossy fair hair that protruded from the paper, and thought how like it was to that of his pet, only hers was incomparably more shining. Then, with an ache at heart, he considered how dull and dank her head had been that morning after a night of fever and suffering.

He returned to the surgery. No—no medicine. Then he wandered off again, and walked a little way out of the town in the direction whence he expected the doctor to return. He did not, however, encounter him. So presently he turned again. The paper enveloping his purchase had become loose, and the entire head of the doll was exposed, and the blue eyes looked up inanimately at him.

He stood by the vicarage gate and unknotted the string, then spread the paper on the low wall and proceeded to rewrap it round his purchase. The vicar's wife was within the garden and observed him. He had not noticed her. She was a kindly woman, and she came over to him, and, standing on the other side of the wall, asked him if she could furnish him with another piece of paper.

"Oh, thankee, Ma'am, this will do."

"Bought a fairing for one of your children?" she inquired.

"I have but one," he answered, and reared himself proudly; "but she is such a one."

"I beg your pardon; are you Jephunneh Weekes?"

"The same, Ma'am, at your service."

"I have heard of you and that dear little child. My daughters were on the moor in the holidays and made her acquaintance. I hope she is well."

"Ma'am, I'm sorry to say she is very ill indeed. I sat up with her all night."

"What is the matter?"

"That I do not know."

"I wonder now," said the lady, "I wonder now whether you would accept it? The fact is, we have an old doll's house. My children are grown beyond caring for it, and I was told that your little puss was quite alone. Perhaps, if not well, it might distract her. Will you see it? If you like to take it, you are heartily welcome, with my children's love to Little Dott."

A gleam of joy came into the dark eyes of the man.

"Come in," said the lady, opening the gate.

Jephunneh entered the garden, and she conducted him to the house. She sent for the toy to be brought down into the hall. It was an edifice of painted wood, the front of which could be removed. It had real glass windows. It had a door with a knocker. It had chimneys. It contained four apartments—a sitting-room and a kitchen below, two bed-rooms above, and all filled with appropriate furniture.

"We must pack the things in carefully," said the lady. "But can you really carry it?"

"With joy—all the way on my back."

So the little tables and chairs, the pots and pans, the bed-room furniture were all wrapped up in wool or paper, and the whole made secure.

"Now stay," said the lady; "you shall not carry your house about like a snail in the town; are you going home at once?"

"I am only waiting to see Doctor Sparks."

"But he went by some hours ago."

"What! into town?"

"Yes, Mr. Weekes."

"Excuse me, Ma'am. I must run to his place. I'll be back for the house as soon as ever I can. I must pass this way."

So Jephunneh returned again to the surgery, and now saw the doctor's trap enter the yard.

He rang, and the surgeon, hearing his voice, came to him. "Medicine! yes, it had been here for hours. That owl of a new servant had misunderstood, had forgotten. She shall pack." He had returned, made up the mixture, and driven off again.

"And my child?"

The doctor looked grave.

"My good man, she has met with an internal injury."

"My God! there is no danger?"

"One can never be sure. It is serious."

The world went round like a top, and the spindle was in the head, piercing the brain of the man. He reeled, recovered himself, seized the bottle, put it in his pocket, and, holding the doll in the left hand, he grasped his stick in the other.

He might have passed the vicarage and forgotten the doll's house, had not the parson's wife been on the look-out for him.

He hesitated. Should he encumber himself with the toy? But the weight was inconsiderable.

"We may have a storm," said the lady. "It looks like snow."

"I am accustomed to storms," he answered. "I

shall not feel the snow when my face is set homewards."

"The evening is setting in. It will be dark."

"I know every inch of the way, Ma'am."

So the house was adjusted to his back. Two straps had been passed round it, and it was fitted to him like a knapsack.

He thanked the kind donor, promised to tell her how his Little Dott delighted in it, and sent her respects, and started at a quick pace, impatient to be home with the medicine.

Eight miles of stiff ascent, equal to twelve on a level road, and for the greater part over bald moor where was no road, only a track; stones were set up at intervals to serve as a guide in darkness and fog.

Jephunneh had no fear about the way. He had trod it many hundreds of times. He did not regard the burden of the doll's house; the real burden lay not on his shoulder but on his heart.

Dusk fell as he left the town, darkness came on with rapidity as snow clouds piled on the horizon spread over the sky and shut off every ray of starlight. When the quarryman came out on the open moor, he found that he could proceed only with extreme caution lest he should lose his way, as the stones marking the course were invisible.

Then the doll's house slipped on one side, and he had much ado to prevent it from falling. He was constrained in the darkness to readjust the straps, then replace it on his back, and go forward. The little knocker at the door rat-a-tat-tatted as he paced along.

All at once he discovered that he had lost the doll. In rearranging the house, he had laid it down on the ground. The discovery was made but a few steps from where he had set it, and he turned back. The air was still, or comparatively so, and he struck a match, put his hand in his pocket, pulled the cover from the medicine-bottle, lighted it, and in the flame saw the doll against a block of stone. He went back for it and grasped it. "I won't let you go again," said he, and turned round.

But now the snow began to fall dense and blinding. Jephunneh struggled on. The great flakes lodged on his eyelashes, the wind rose and drove them in his face:

Where was the next stone in the track? He had not touched it with his foot. He must have passed it. He turned a little aside groping for it, but could not find it. It mattered not—he must come shortly on the next waymark. But no. He could not find that. Then a fear fell on him. He was out of the track. What that signified none knew better than himself.

In the darkness, in the blinding snow, there was but one chance for him—to keep his face to the wind, which he supposed was from the east.

His Little Dott—the medicine! He must get home. She was suffering. The dose would give her sleep, would sooth her pain. He must see his child—a vast yearning filled his heart. Surely the instinct of paternal love would draw him home straight as a bowline. So he trudged along. And as he trudged the snow became thicker, and the darkness lightened, but not so as to enable him to find his way. On the contrary, the snow disguised waymarks, transfigured dark bushes into white monuments, and buried stones set as indicatures.

Was the wind from the east? Was it not from the north? If so, he was going wide of his mark. He was weary now—wary with wading in snow, and his brow ran with drops of mingled melted snow and anguish. What if he walked all night and did not reach home? Poor, poor, poor Little Dott! The time passed. The snow ceased to fall. The stars began to glimmer. The undulations of the land were distinguishable. But Jephunneh knew them not. All was strange. He strained his eyes for the light from his window. He could see none.

He wiped his face, he wiped his eyes, bowed under the doll's house, and the little knocker recommenced its rat-a-tat-tat.

In the little cottage, Marianne sat awaiting her brother. She was in deadly alarm. The surgeon had insisted that the child had fallen, and a fall alone accounted for the injury that it had received. Would he tell Jephunneh? Would her brother discover how she had neglected the child, so as to go to the fair?

She sat up with the little girl on her lap. The child was in such pain that it moaned, cried out, would not lie in bed, could not be got to sleep. She was forced to nurse it.

How late Jephunneh was! Why had he not returned? Had he learnt what her conduct had been, and feared to encounter her till his terrible resentment and wrath were abated? She dreaded his appearance, and yet desired it. Feared it for herself, desired it for the child's sake. She looked at the clock.



Next day the body of Jephunneh was found. In his hand he grasped the doll, whose wax head was uninjured.

It was late—eleven was past—still no Jephunneh. What could have delayed him? Was it the snow?

Now Little Dott fell into a doze of deadly weariness on her lap.

The aunt dropped into grim reverie. She had flaunted during the fair in her best gown and bonnet, and had effected no conquest. Could she remain on with her brother? If things went ill with Dott—no.

The clock struck twelve.

Then suddenly the child started in her aunt's lap, opened her great dark eyes. A light sprang upon them; she stretched her arms and cried, "Dada! dada! oh, dada! What a beautiful house, and all for me—for Dada and me!" fell back, and was gone.

Next day the body of Jephunneh was found. He had strayed from the track and fallen over some rocks. The doll's house was broken, and about him lay the little bits of furniture and looking-glass, pans, tables, chairs, belonging to the house. But in his hand he grasped the doll, whose wax head was uninjured; and so set was his hand that it could not be unlocked. So they were buried together—Jephunneh and Little Dott and the doll.

THE END.

ART NOTES.

The collection of European enamels—in the widest sense of the word—brought together by the Committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club constitutes one of the most interesting exhibitions offered even by that distinguished circle of *cognoscenti*. In the history of enamelling, if it could be written, a prominent place would be found for British artificers, who, even before the Roman invasion, practised the art of "pouring colours on bronze." Of such early work there is at least one specimen in this collection—a circular disc covered with a spiral ornament of extraordinary grace, lent by General Pitt-Rivers, said to have been found in the neighbourhood of Oxford. Somewhat later is Lord Amherst's Anglo-Saxon jewel bright with glass inlays, of which the geometric cloisons are exceedingly curious. The Irish enamels hold a high place in the development of the art, but they may be studied to better advantage at Dublin than at the Burlington Club.

While the various styles of enamelling, principally "cloisonné" and "champlevé," were being brought to a high degree of perfection on both sides of St. George's Channel, little is known of the progress of the art on the continent of Europe; but doubtless the Byzantine workmen were producing ornaments of which all trace is lost, for to the eleventh century are attributed specimens of such perfection as to point to patient study and experiment. The German school, next in point of antiquity, is fairly represented in this collection, but it is at Limoges, in the South of France, that the art struck its deepest roots, and where for centuries it has flourished from the middle of the twelfth century. It was at Limoges that painted enamels, which afterwards extended to Italy, were first executed and brought to a high degree of perfection under a succession of skilful artists. This phase of the "enamel" art is the best represented in this collection. Some of the work is of exquisite beauty, and the colours obtained of extreme brilliancy. In addition to these "Limoges enamels" are numerous jewels, miniature-frames, and other ornaments in which the art of Spanish, Italian, and French workmen is displayed to the best advantage.

Mr. Caton Woodville has brought together at Messrs. Graves' Galleries (Pall Mall) a number of his battle-pieces to serve as "garniture" to his commemorative picture, "For Queen and Empire," in which various types of home and colonial regiments are introduced. Mr. Caton Woodville's reputation as a painter of military subjects is too well established to need further remark; but those to whom his pictures of "Badajoz,"

"Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and the "Story of the Alma Redoubt" are unknown, will be glad of having the opportunity of making acquaintance with works which have so glorious a connection with the annals of the British Army and of the Victorian Era.

The unfortunate rejection of the picture sent by M. Harpignies to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy may or may not have had some influence with the jury of the Salon. At any rate, while M. Harpignies receives the *médaille d'honneur*, the medals and distinctions awarded to British artists are conspicuous by their absence. There may have been other reasons for this failure of our countrymen to attract the favourable notice of the French jury, but none the less, the rejection of M. Harpignies' picture was a blunder, all the less explicable since the President of the Royal Academy was trained in France, and is supposed to be acquainted with the leading French painters of the present day. But then, Sir E. Poynter's conception of a picture differs from M. Harpignies' by an impassable gulf.

FOUR CAPITALS OF COLONIES TO BE REPRESENTED BY THEIR PREMIERS AT THE DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.



Photo G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.



Photo Valentine, Dundee.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.



Photo G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.



Photo G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

COLONIAL PREMIERS IN ENGLAND.

It was an inspiration to invite the Colonial Premiers to be our guests for the great celebrations of this summer. The grey Mother-country gathers round her the young nations which she has planted and reared. No picture could be more eloquent of the Queen's long reign, of all that the Victorian period has been. To take one illustration, what was Australia at the time her Majesty came to the throne? Its settlements were in their infancy, and much of the continent was quite unknown. The Queen has seen the rise of Greater Britain, and tended its growth with a care and a wisdom which even yet we can hardly understand to the full. Now Greater Britain, in the person of those at the head of its various Governments, is crossing the seas

the near neighbour of Canada, and here we find a Devon man at the head of the Ministry. The reference is to Sir William Whiteway, who has been constantly identified with affairs in Newfoundland. He has been Prime Minister more than once, and, as one step towards that high office, had been Speaker of the House of Assembly.

From North America to South Africa is a long jump, but then the British Empire is very wide. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, like Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whom he followed in the Premiership of Cape Colony, went to that sunny part of the world for the benefit of his health. He comes of Suffolk people, and, as would be said in Scotland, is a son of the manse, his father having been a Baptist minister. Sir John Robinson, being compelled by ill-health to resign the Premiership of Natal, was succeeded by the Hon. Harry

At Melbourne the Hon. George Turner is the leader of the Government, he likewise being a member of the legal profession. He was Solicitor-General in one Victorian Administration, and from his first appearance in politics was recognised as likely to take an influential position. One might dwell on the fact that the colony of which he is Premier is named after the Queen, only that is hardly necessary. Going north in Australia you find two born Scotsmen holding Premierships—the Hon. G. H. Reid at Sydney, and Sir Hugh Nelson at Brisbane. They both, however, belong to Australia from their early years, and both have done excellent service for her well-being. Mr. Reid reached the very front rank in New South Wales when he was elected, in succession to Sir Henry Parkes, to lead the opposition to the Dibbs Government.



Photo Topley, Ottawa.

THE HON. W. LAURIER (CANADA).



Photo Topley, Ottawa.

MRS. LAURIER.



Photo Sherwood, Natal.

THE HON. HARRY ESCOMBE (NATAL).



Photo Sherwood, Natal.

MRS. ESCOMBE.

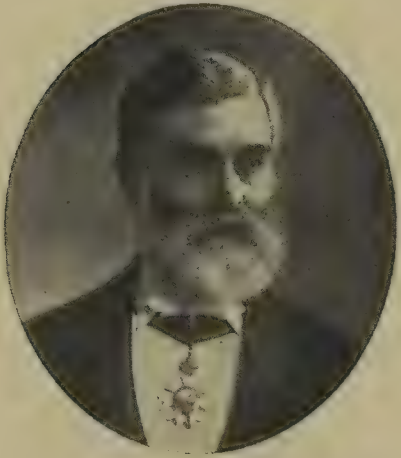


Photo Parsons, St. John.

SIR W. WHITEWAY (NEWFOUNDLAND).



Photo Parsons, St. John.

LADY WHITEWAY.



Photo Greenham, Perth.

SIR J. FORREST (WESTERN AUSTRALIA).



Photo Falk, Sydney.

LADY FORREST.



Photo Wiley, Brisbane.

SIR HUGH NELSON (QUEENSLAND).



Photo Wiley, Brisbane.

LADY NELSON.



Photo Talma, Melbourne.

THE HON. G. TURNER (VICTORIA).



Photo Talma, Paris.

LADY TURNER.

COLONIAL PREMIERS AND THEIR WIVES IN ENGLAND FOR THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

to take part in an event which sets the seal on these wonderful sixty years.

All that being just as it should be, we naturally turn with interest to the Prime Ministers of the Colonies. We know them all in a way, of course; their names are familiar in the newspapers; no doubt they have visited England oftener than most of us have been to Canada or South Africa, to Australia or New Zealand. But that is not enough; some sort of personal introduction is in keeping.

In Canada the Liberals are in power—they have seen little of office in many years—and the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier is Premier. A French-Canadian by birth, he had long been the head of that wing of the Liberal party. On the retirement of Mr. Blake—since then a member of the Imperial Parliament—he succeeded him as the leader of the whole Liberal forces. Mr. Laurier's training as a lawyer developed his natural gifts as a speaker, and in him charm of manner goes with eloquence. Newfoundland is

Escombe. The latter will be no stranger in London, for he was born in one of the home counties. He has been long in Natal; has done much public work for the colony, and is most popular.

If you are on your travels round the world, you proceed from South Africa to Western Australia. Here the Premier is Sir John Forrest, who was one of the explorers of Westralia in its early days. His knowledge of the colony is unrivalled, and his services to it have become greater since it got constitutional government. The neighbouring colony of South Australia has the Hon. C. C. Kingston as the first member of its Cabinet. He was born in Adelaide, his father having been a leading man of the colony. Mr. Kingston studied law under Chief Justice Way, and is now entitled to wear the letters Q.C. He has been a force in forwarding Australian federation, and, indeed, helped to draft the Bill for constituting the commonwealth of Australia.

At Tasmania, which, in the hands across the sea, may be called a stepping-stone towards New Zealand, Sir Edward Braddon is Premier. He was in the Indian Civil Service; on retiring he settled in the balmy air of Tasmania, and he was promptly pressed into the public life of the colony. He is a brother of Miss Braddon, the novelist, and has been Agent-General in London for Tasmania. Finally, among the self-governing colonies, comes New Zealand, which delights to think itself the nearest replica of England. Its Prime Minister, the Hon. Richard Seddon, belongs to Lancashire, from which he went to Australia, and then to New Zealand. That was fully thirty years ago, and Mr. Seddon is still only in the prime of life. In London he will be able once more to see his aged friend, Sir George Grey, who went forth as a builder of Greater Britain almost on the day the Queen came to the throne. We shall make the Colonial Premiers all very welcome.

NATURE IN JUNE.

It is the leafy month of June. The foliage is at its best, and from the shady recesses of its perfected love-bowers float the songs of the busy and joyous birds that are rearing their clamorous young. The air, too, is balmy and full of fragrance. Now we have some of the sweetest and gentlest days of the year. It is true that the greatest beauty of the year—the flush of bloom on the hawthorns and the orchards—is fast disappearing, but the elders are everywhere putting forth their cymes of wax-like florets, and the long rough stems with the hooked spines in the hedgerows are hanging out sprays of pink and white roses. Indeed, June is the month of roses—roses everywhere—and a wealth of flowers. The bramble and the wild strawberry are beginning to blossom, the woodbine is displaying its sweet-smelling clusters of tubes, the purple and yellow blooms of the woody nightshade peer out of the hedges which the cleavers are now climbing, while along the banks below the graceful cinquefoil and the chervil have joined the nettles, the silverweeds, the campions, and their earlier companions. The colour of the pastures is enriched by the golden petals of the bulbous buttercup, the clover-knobs, and the dandelion-globes; while by the streams and in damp places we may find the ragged-robins, the alluring meadow-sweet, and the forget-me-not—

That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook, though some give the name to its cousin of the field. The large yellow flowers of the broom are now at their best, and on the edges of the corn-fields are the purple-tipped pink tubes of the delicate funnitory. The convolvulus is spreading, and binding itself round anything its arms can reach. The wheat and the barley are filling their spikes, and the oats their panicles.

The meadows wave in silken billows before the breezes. The various grasses are now ripe, and their forms are all studies in gracefulness. If they have hitherto escaped your observation, pluck a few specimens, and ask yourself whether you know anything in nature more refinedly beautiful. Begin with the sweet vernal grass which gives forth the delightful fragrance of the fresh-mown hayfields. Then take the foxtail and the cat's-tail, the rough and the smooth meadow grasses, the soft grass, the bent grass, the fescues, the cock's-foot, the trembling grass, the tall brome with its oat-like spray, the wheat, barley, oat, and rye grasses, the millet from the woods, the canary grass from the river-side, and some of the elegant hair grasses. Put them together, and consider whether there is not in these as in other things a most delightful and abundant variety. Before the end of the month many of them will be lying prostrate, and the scent of the hay will be wafting through the land. Corydon and Phyllis will banter one another as they turn it over in the sun, and the children will sing—

In the hay, in the hay,
Toss we and tumble.

The rye and the vetches are already being cut for the cattle, and out over the landscape men can be seen hoeing in the land to keep down the ever-springing weeds.

The market gardeners now are busy. They put in long

hours gathering and sending to market their new potatoes, peas, rhubarb, strawberries, tomatoes, cucumbers, and the rest of their products.

In the woods the bracken and ferns are creeping towards their ultimate height, and the large, three-lobed

directions. The males can bound a couple of yards at a time, and are very difficult to catch.

The cuckoos now begin to be silent. Their eggs have been committed to others, and sparrows, wrens, and other small birds will be struggling shortly to satisfy the appetites of the gaping big foster-children thrust upon them. The doves coo on lovingly, and the other birds sing on as usual, if not with the ecstatic vigour of the early year. The ringlet, chalk-hill, and meadow-brown butterflies come on the scene, and the eyed and humming-bird hawk-moths appear. In the evening the chestnut-brown stag-beetles fly out in numbers, their lumbering flight and the large mandibles of the males making them easily distinguishable. The beautifully coloured rose-beetle—green shot with gold—may be seen both in the evening and the daytime eating the petals and stamens of the roses.

Now the air is warmer, the loveliness of the country draws us more than ever to it. We begin to live in the open,

lie on the grass, revel in the sunlight, drink in the sweetness, and carol with the birds. There is a delicious gladness and freedom in these long days not yet too scorching. Little children fill their hands and their hair with flowers, make friends with the birds and the beasts, and chase the butterflies and the bees.

At home the tent is put up in the grounds, and the awnings placed over the windows. Sitting out in the long evenings, if the garden be an old-fashioned one, roses, pinks, peonies, sweet-williams, pansies, irises, campanulas, monkshoods, larkspurs, and southernwood smile upon one like time-honoured friends, and send forth a delicious fragrance. But if the beds be in the modern style—colour, harmony without smell—then the geraniums, stocks, asters, calceolaries, and lobelias, or whatever may have been employed, furnish pleasure to the eye alone. All the same the blackbird and the thrush will pipe their rich, sweet notes above the light and lessening variations of the smaller songsters, and finally the distant corn-crake may send his recurring scrape through the silence of the soothing twilight as the day shuts down.

A MODERN GREEK HEROINE.

In the midst of all the misery and suffering which the Græco-Turkish War involved, where poor organisation and self-sufficiency were everywhere apparent, it was at least satisfactory to note that one noble inheritance beyond all dispute is the modern Greek's, viz., patriotism. This fine quality has over and over again asserted itself during the recent war, and has in no small measure helped to hold the nation together in its direst hour of need.

"Among the many instances of personal sacrifice which came to my notice," writes Mr. Julius Price, our Special Artist with the Greek forces, "and one which appealed to me most, was that illustrated by the accompanying sketch. 'Bad shell-wound in both thighs, and may be many months in hospital yet,' I was informed. I managed, however, to learn that Ekaterini Passaropoulou was the nineteen-year-old daughter of fairly well-to-do peasants in Northern Thessaly, who had lost their all in the war, and that she had determined to strike a blow for her country. My sketch was made on board the transport *Pallas*, en route from Styliada to the Piræus with wounded and refugees from Domoko."



A MODERN GREEK HEROINE: EKATERINI PASSAROPOULO, AGED NINETEEN, WOUNDED AT CARDISTA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. Julius M. Price, our Special Artist with the Greek forces.

seed-cases of the bluebell are filled with small ivory spheres that might be intended for miniature billiard-balls. The tall, sturdy foxgloves light up the glades with their colour, the cranesbills, the goatsbeards, the dog's-mercury, with its panicle of greenish flowers, and other blooms crop up in favourable positions, while on the borders of some woods may be gathered the columbine with its dove-like nectaries.

If the season has been dry, the foliage will be much eaten by the larvæ, and one finds curious piercings of stems and doublings of leaves by insects following out their instincts in the production of their species. The little foam-bearers—the larvæ of the frog-hopper—have been at



PHARSALA AFTER THE TURKISH OCCUPATION.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist with the Turkish Forces, Mr. D'Arcy Morell.

work, and wherever their colonies happen to be their spume is to be seen on the stalks and leaves. The common people call it cuckoo-spittle; but if you wish you may find within it the wonderful little six-legged green and yellow grub which, by the production of this environment, protects its frail body from the heat of the sun and the depredations of other insects. It will stay here till it has gone through its pupa stage and developed its wings. In September the perfect insects will be leaping in all

the accompanying sketch. 'Bad shell-wound in both thighs, and may be many months in hospital yet,' I was informed. I managed, however, to learn that Ekaterini Passaropoulou was the nineteen-year-old daughter of fairly well-to-do peasants in Northern Thessaly, who had lost their all in the war, and that she had determined to strike a blow for her country. My sketch was made on board the transport *Pallas*, en route from Styliada to the Piræus with wounded and refugees from Domoko."



A YOUNG IDEA.

YOUTHFUL CHURCHGOER: *Why has he got his nightdress on, Mamma?*



THE QUEEN LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

From a Painting by W. H. Overend.

THE SARDINIAN CHAPEL, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

It is curious to think that while a Papal representative is on his way to London at this moment to show that his Church can rejoice with us over the reign of Victoria, London was aflame this month a hundred and seventeen years ago because Parliament had removed Catholic disabilities. The struggle centred in the little Roman Catholic Chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which Lord George Gordon's mob wrecked on June 6, 1780. It had been opened in the time of James II. as a chapel for the Sardinian Ambassador. At this date Roman Catholics in England had for many a long day been forbidden to hear Mass or frequent chapels of their own, and the more zealous of them therefore attended the chapels of foreign Ambassadors resident in London, and the practice received the authority, at least, of toleration. The Sardinian Chapel was connected with the Sardinian Ambassador's residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Indeed, when the chapel was originally opened, the only entrance to it was through the Ambassador's house. In the year 1762 it was burned down by accident, and soon after the present structure was erected at the expense of the King of Sardinia, from a plan by Signor Jean Baptist Jaque, an amateur of architecture, and secretary of Count Vizi, the Sardinian Envoy to the British Court. His Sardinian Majesty was at all the expense of this chapel till he lost Savoy and Piedmont by the French Revolution: at present it is principally supported by voluntary contributions.

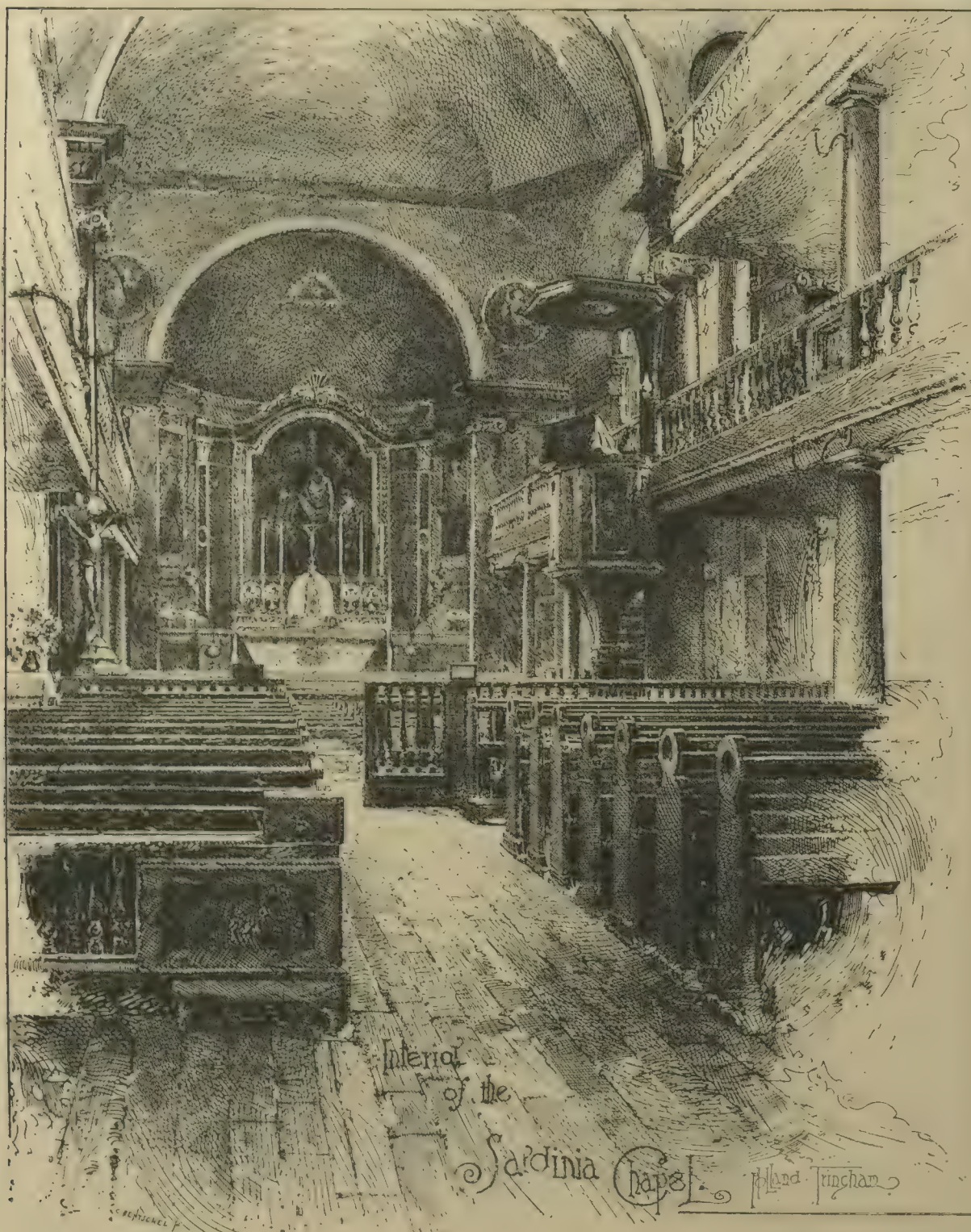
The "No Popery!" outcry of 1780 spread like fire. Lord George Gordon called a meeting of the Protestants in St. George's Fields; and they, to the number of 50,000, signed a petition for the repeal of the Act, and went in a body, with Lord George at their head, to present their petition to the House of Commons, calling themselves "The Protestant Association." These people, though perhaps mistaken, were generally respectable and orderly; but the cry of "No Popery!" had spread among the lower orders, who, incited by a set of abandoned and desperate wretches, involved the Metropolis in all the horrors of anarchy and disorder.

The Sardinian Chapel was one of the many Roman Catholic places of worship attacked by the mob and materially injured: with much other valuable property, they destroyed a fine-toned organ and a very fine altar-piece painted by Casali. The Sardinian Ambassador offered five hundred guineas to the rabble, to save the picture and the organ; but they told him they would burn him if they could get at him, and instantly destroyed both painting and instrument. The fittings of the chapel were cast into the street and there burned on a bonfire, and the interior of the building was soon ablaze.

The chapel was again restored. The picture was replaced by one painted by West. This represents Christ taken down from the cross, and is one of the artist's best productions. The new organ is much esteemed by connoisseurs; it was built by England. All the church service,



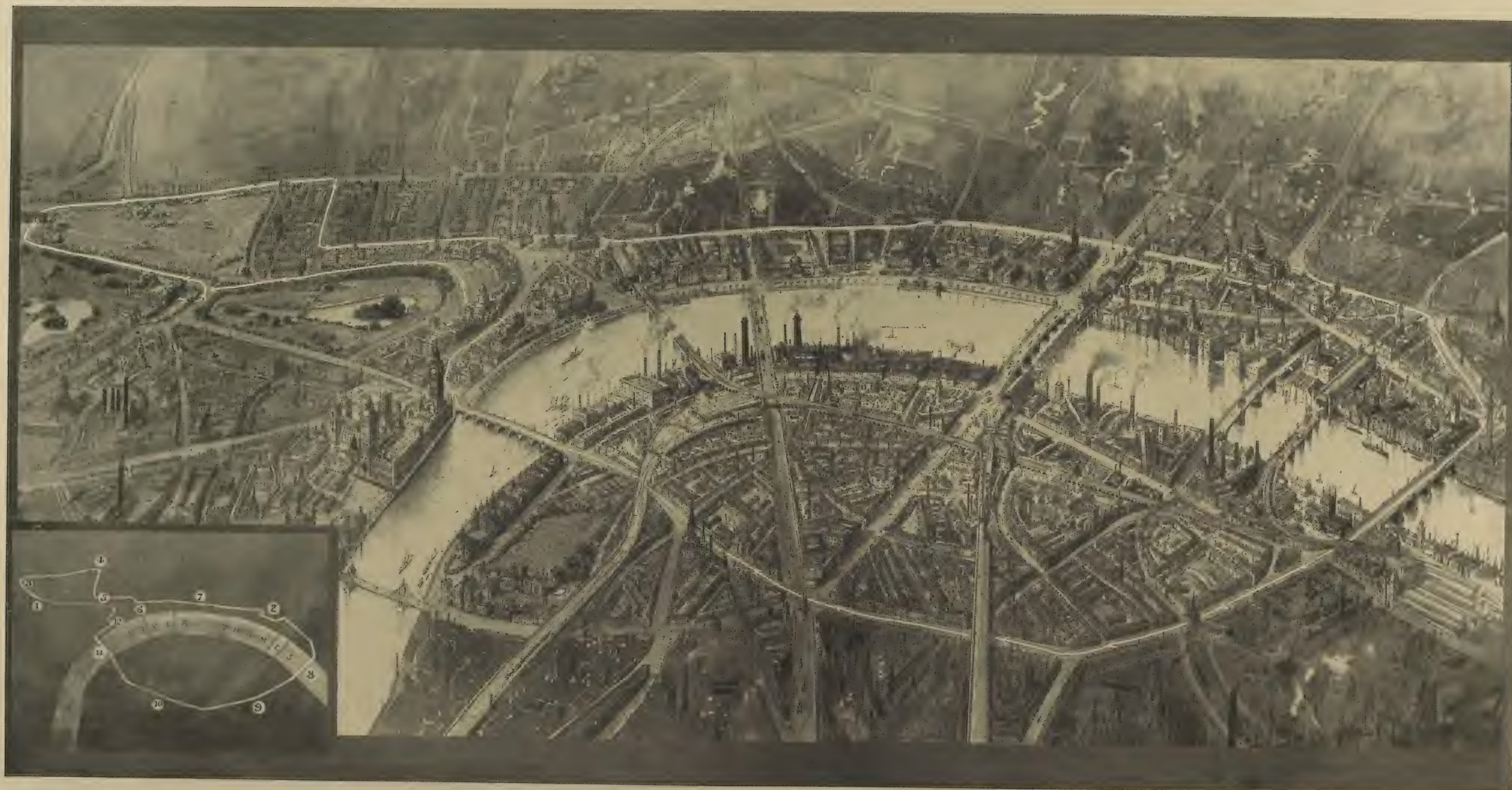
The Sardinian Chapel.



Interior of the Sardinian Chapel.

except the sermon, is in Latin. The Masses are sung by the choir, under the direction of the organist, who is generally the composer of the music performed there. This chapel can boast of having had some of the most eminent British musicians for the directors of the choir, among whom the celebrated Dr. Arno was organist for several years. Mr. Samuel Webbo now holds that situation—a gentleman who is not only eminent for the grave and solemn style of his church music, but who has gained high reputation for the beauty and grace of his lighter compositions. The beauty of the musical portion of its services was long, indeed, the chief characteristic of the Sardinian Chapel, the choir being in former days maintained at considerable expense; and though the leading vocalists and instrumentalists of the day no longer take part in its high festivals as they did some fifty years ago, considerable care is still spent upon the music. The chapel, of course, no longer holds the same position as a centre of Roman Catholic worship that it once did. As the first Romanist Chapel opened in London after the establishment of the reformed Church, it had at one time a congregation of considerably more than ten thousand souls under its spiritual charge, but the establishment of numerous places of Roman Catholic worship in more tolerant times in all quarters of the Metropolis has lessened its importance.

A good deal of interesting information about the Sardinian Chapel is given by Mr. C. W. Heckethorn in his valuable volume on "Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Localities Adjacent," published by Mr. Elliot Stock about a year ago. According to this writer, the chapel was at one time proverbial as a rallying-point for mendicants. The priests of the chapel constantly afforded relief to beggars, and it became a commonplace in the description of any haunt of beggars to say that it was as bad as the Roman Catholic Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Heckethorn also tells the curious story, first made known in *Notes and Queries* two years ago, from an account preserved in the Lambeth Library, of the sudden appearance of a female fanatic in the chapel in a state of complete nudity one Sunday morning in 1707. The woman harangued the astonished congregation from the altar steps for some time before she consented to withdraw.



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|----------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Buckingham Palace. | 2. St. Paul's Cathedral. | 3. Hyde Park Corner. |
| 4. Corner of St. James's Street. | 5. Marlborough House. | 6. Charing Cross Station. |
| 7. The Law Courts. | 8. London Bridge. | 9. St. George's Church, Borough. |
| 10. St. George's Circus. | 11. Westminster Bridge. | 12. The Horse Guards. |

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION: VIEW OF THE ROUTE OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION ON JUNE 22.

The Route to be taken by the Procession is indicated by a White Line, the Direction in which it will Travel being shown by Arrow-Heads. The Main Points on the Journey are represented by Figures in the small Key-Plan.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

The Handel Festival, the first great performance of which is to take place on Monday, June 14, and the grand rehearsal of which was given on Friday, June 11, is now, to all intents and purposes, a national institution. And, really, the Festival is old enough to deserve the title, for without interruption since 1857 it has been held at the Crystal Palace every two or three years, first—down, that is, to 1880—under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, whose not very distinguished setting of the National Anthem still forms the preliminary of these functions; since 1880 its fortunes have lain in the hands of Mr. August Manns. How the Festival originated is well enough known; it has none of those twilight and mysterious beginnings which so often attend the birth of what afterwards develop into commemorations under record conditions. In 1856 Mr. Robert Bowley, one of the most fervent musical enthusiasts of his day, if a little given to indulging in the Colossal Idea as introduced into this

Sacred Harmonic Society into the best of spirits for making the due arrangements for the first Handel Festival proper in 1859. This project was fulfilled on June 20, 22, and 24, when the chorus had swelled to 2700 singers and the band was augmented to 460 players. On that occasion, as we have seen, Sir Michael Costa was the conductor, and it is interesting to record that among the more prominent singers were Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and Signor Bolletti. The Colossal Idea has even been improved upon since then, for it is announced that this year, as on some other occasions, the number of performers will be 3500.

A Handel Festival was, after all, the only natural outcome of the immense popularity which Handel has enjoyed in this country since he first shook the dust of opera from his feet and devoted himself to the composition of oratorio. He was the first to popularise oratorio—a feat which a far greater technical musician could never have accomplished, John Sebastian Bach—and, more curious still, though in this respect (and in this respect only) he was something of a pioneer, his fortune has been that of a full discoverer. It

has done yeoman work at many a Handel Festival already; and his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his skill in manipulating great masses of performers, are never so conspicuously shown as upon these occasions. His immense—indeed, his unrivalled—experience, and his wide and resourceful knowledge, are now ranged among the historical facts of our time which will go down to the future as a living tradition. Among the singers who are to delight the multitude upon this occasion, the name of Mr. Santley naturally stands out first. If his voice is not the grand organ which once it was, he still retains sufficient vigour, vitality, and strength for the whole world to marvel at. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Andrew Black, who also sing this year, stand at the forefront of their profession. Mr. Lloyd's exquisite tenor voice, particularly when allied to grand oratorio music, has no living rival; the quality is perfect in its purity and the style is finely finished. Mr. Black's splendid bass, coloured, mature, and rich, is another voice too well known for either introduction or description. Madame Albani, Madame



Photo A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS ELLA RUSSELL.



Photo Watery, Regent Street.

MADAME ALBANI.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

MISS CLARA BUTT.



Photo Falk, Melbourne.

MADAME MARIAN MCKENZIE.



Photo Dupont, New York.

MADAME NORDICA.

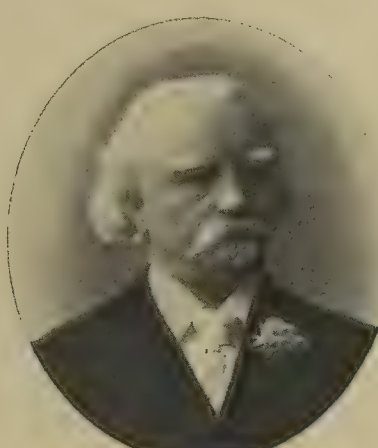


Photo Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.

MR. AUGUST MANNS,

CONDUCTOR AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE FESTIVAL.



Photo Graham, Leamington.

MISS CLARA SAMUEL.



Photo Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.



Photo Sweet, Rathfriland.

MR. ANDREW BLACK.



Photo A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MR. BARTON MCGUCKIN.



Photo Wayland, Stratford.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE CONDUCTOR AND THE PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

country by the Prince Consort, conceived the interesting notion of applying that colossal idea to Handel, the centenary of whose death was due in the April of 1859. Briefly, as we are told, Mr. Bowley's project was to celebrate that occasion "on a scale of unprecedented magnitude." What scale that was may be gathered from the immediate fact that no building in London was large enough for any orchestra that was commensurate to the great scheme, and the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which, after Mr. Bowley, was "the onlie begetter" of these Festivals, and of which he had been, since 1854, the treasurer, therefore turned its attention to the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace, which had already been used for such a purpose on the occasion of the opening of the Palace two years before. So that the Handel Festivals sprang like Minerva, fully armed and equipped, from the brain of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was resolved that a preliminary festival should be organised—just to test the possibility of the thing, as it seems—with a chorus of 2000 and a band of 396, while an organ was built by Gray and Davidson, as Sir George Grove has it, "expressly for the occasion." To make a long story short, the affair, which took place on June 15, 17, and 19, 1857, was a huge success, and put the

would take twenty Mendelssohns rolled into one to dispute the supreme place which Handel the oratorio writer holds in the esteem and admiration of the British public. As to the way in which we demonstrate our affections, that also has its touching side. It is a little habit of ours, as it must have been the mental habit, for example, of the men who built St. Peter's, to venerate on a large scale, and our greatest and best contemporary musicians are deeply bitten by this tendency. Multiplication is our hobby, and where two hundred singers might suffice for art, twenty times two hundred alone seem to reach the limits of our desire, when it is a question of homage from the great British nation. The public would not understand the *raison d'être* of a paltry two hundred. It understands with a comprehensive sentiment the *raison d'être* of three thousand five hundred.

Therefore, as a nation, we look forward with rapture to every third year, when our great musical orgie comes round; and, certainly in this respect, it is impossible not to give the full measure of admiration to the splendid organisation which works the Colossal Idea as applied to Handel. The whole musical department of the business is, of course, in the hands of Mr. August Manns, who still remains the greatest conductor living in these islands. Mr. Manns

Nordica, and Miss Ella Russell represent the chief soprano singers of the Festival, and here again it is impossible to set down anything of which the public is already unaware. Albani, whom opera-goers miss at Covent Garden this year the first time for many years, is universally recognised as the first soprano oratorio singer of her time. It may be that Mendelssohn is more sympathetic to her voice than Handel, but her Handel singing has probably secured her as great admiration from the public as anything she has ever done in her great artistic career. Madame Nordica's most sweet voice, which has been given too much to Continental and American audiences, will be a delightful element in the great commemoration. For contraltos we have Madame Marian Mackenzie, Madame Clara Samuel, and Miss Clara Butt, all singers of tried and assured merit. Madame Mackenzie and Madame Samuel have charmed wisely in Handel's music many and many a time; and it will be most interesting to hear Miss Butt deserting her too beloved ballads for music worthier of her voice. Mr. Barton McGuckin, too, who ranks among the chief tenors of the occasion, is known to all. So, like the man in Leoncavallo's prologue, the critic makes his bow and retires for the curtain to ring up on the greatest of British Musical Festivals.



PHILLIPS'S NEW ART POTTERY AND GLASS SHOW-ROOMS, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

It is pleasant to feel that, at a time when the representatives of nearly every industry in the land are complaining of foreign competition, we have at least one manufacture which enjoys a European reputation that must grieve the foreigner when he remembers how comparatively little time has elapsed since the days when we were backward in the field. The ordinary English citizen probably is under the impression that the finest pottery is still made abroad,

but a casual glance at the present state of ceramics will show that this is a delusion. The famous Sèvres establishment is dead—or dying; Republican France refuses to support an institution so purely royal, and a few years ago the famous factories were offered to an English syndicate, and declined. There are other manufactories in France, no doubt, turning out excellent second-class work, but none of them pretend to be first-rate. The splendid faïence of

early Italy is now but a dream of the past; Dresden still works, but travels in what one may call a vicious circle, producing a few good pieces on old models and many indifferent works on new. One may put aside China, Japan, Persia, and India as somewhat exotic to the subject, and even then it may be incidentally remarked that decadence and degeneration are their present sign-marks. The United States, despite many efforts, have utterly

failed to produce a china of importance. Our Colonies have made no sincere effort.

It is England which at this moment supplies the world with the most splendid products of the potter's art, and it may be added that it is the house—the historic house—of Messrs. Phillips which is the chief means of distributing them. The short-sighted might contemptuously apply to Messrs. Phillips's the opprobrious term "middleman," not

grasping the fact that in such a matter as pottery it is impossible to bring the public into direct communication with the makers; for nothing is more certain than that so individual is the stamp of each great manufactory that the mere appointment of agents would not meet the question at all; since the public would complain of lack of variety and choice, and go away dissatisfied. It is in the truest interest of the art that there should exist some great central home for the exhibition to the public of all that is best from the ateliers of the important manufactories. The house of Phillips was founded in the year 1760, a time of prodigious activity in the ceramic art in England, by George Phillips, whose idea was to establish an agency for the English art potteries. The same year saw the birth of two of the greatest of our now living manufacturing establishments, the Worcester and the Derby—a strange coincidence. For three generations the Phillips, from grandfather to son and grandson, carried on their business in Oxford Street, and then came in a nephew, Mr. George Rose, son of Dr. Cooper Rose, who had married the granddaughter of George Phillips. He was not brought up to the business, and had a passion for nautical life, but not unnaturally abandoned even the sea for such a career. It is remarkable, possibly unique, to find an English house steadily carrying on its business under the same roof since the days when the United States of America began the War of Independence. A century and a quarter and a bit is a great period for one home, and it is difficult to understand how even the need for larger, handsomer premises induced Messrs. Phillips's to leave Oxford Street for Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Mr. George Rose is now the sole proprietor of Phillips's, also of Messrs. Mortlock and Sons', Regent Street, having purchased the latter business last year.

The Mount Street premises, of which we give an illustration, are noteworthy additions to a handsome street, and in their quiet, typically English beauty do great credit to Messrs. Reid and Macdonald, the architects. As will be seen, the exterior is of great breadth, and since the building is very deep, the ground floor show-room, which is most charmingly decorated, serves splendidly for the display of superb pottery. It consists of an inner hall and outer, separated by graceful columns; the treatment is pure white, with panels of rich silk vieux rose in the outer hall and tender blue in the inner. Below is a well-lighted basement, serving also as show-room, and in addition is an immense cellar space for storage, packing, and other purposes.

Of course, modern ideas necessarily have destroyed many traditions of the house; it was under the régime of Mr. Rose that was held the first sale of the firm. It may be mentioned that forty-seven thousand pounds' worth of stock was cleared out, and yet plenty was left to go on with. Such figures may seem extraordinary to those who, while recognising the fact that old china may reach prodigious prices, yet imagine that the new is comparatively humble. However, to give some idea it may be said that in the show-room at present there is a piece which represents an eighteen-hundred guinea dinner-service lately made for twelve people. Moreover, at the present moment Mr. Rose is making for one of his customers a dinner-service to cost a thousand guineas. The ground is ivory, embellished with scroll-work in gold, exquisitely designed and laid on. Each piece has a panel in the border, and on it, in the costly, difficult, beautiful style of *pâte sur pâte*, is the monogram of the owner, the colour of the panels and of the letters varying for each course. To the ignorant eye the price may seem fantastic for such comparatively simple work; but the connoisseur can appreciate it, and fortunately there are wealthy connoisseurs nowadays as in the olden times to encourage the production of such beauty and amazing technical quality. These two services come from the house of Minton. So far as china is concerned Messrs. Phillips's draw their stores from six great establishments—Coalport, Derby, Doulton, Minton, Wedgwood, and Worcester, which for obvious reasons we have named in alphabetical order. Although many of their customers are foreigners and Americans, they import nothing save a few pieces of Dresden, a small number of French tea-services, half-a-dozen dinner-services a year for special order, and these reluctantly, since they deem their customers in error.

In the space allotted for this article it is impossible to speak more fully of the treasures of china, and also of glass, in these handsome new premises; so we hope soon to return to the subject and speak of the triumphs of English pottery and glass-making that are to be seen at Messrs. Phillips's, and of their forthcoming exhibition.

The cedar pencil, it appears, has received its death-blow, though even now it will probably die hard. The Blaisdell Self-Sharpening Paper Pencil (the Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct) is of the same size as the ordinary pencil; the only difference is that the cedar-wood is replaced by tightly rolled paper, divided off into sections by little round marks down the side of the pencil. When the latter wants sharpening, all you have to do is to pick up the edge of the paper covering with a pin or the point of a knife and unravel a section of it, until it breaks off itself, by which time a fresh piece of lead is exposed, and the pencil ready for continued use. It lasts about three times as long as a cedar pencil, none of the lead being broken in cutting, and the point is always perfectly conical.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

During the greater part of my life I was fortunate enough to know the late Master of Balliol. At about the age of fourteen I first met him, I think on the Table of Lorne, certainly on the heather. He was then very like his portrait by the elder Richmond, engraved in his biography by Messrs. Campbell and Abbott. His hair was already white, or so I remember it, but his face was young, with an expression at once acute and sweet. As a boy, I kept meeting him at the houses of my relations, his old pupils, in Yarrow and elsewhere. One heard of him as a "heretic"; the country folk learned that he "wasna sound." "Essays and Reviews" made its pother: everyone deemed Mr. Jowett ill-treated about his unendowed Greek chair. At Balliol I was his pupil, and, I think, first taught him how to hold a billiard cue. Always afterwards I met him not infrequently, and was often his guest. Now one reads his Life (admirably executed, I venture to think), and one reads it not without surprise.

Except in such qualities as goodness, untiring kindness, unwearied industry, justice, and faith (in whatever it exactly was that he believed), the Master does seem an inconsistent character. I was his pupil, not his disciple, and only once or twice heard him talk about matters theological. It is about these, chiefly, that he seems so inconsistent. He was called by many an unbelieving parson, but his ideal character was my ideal character, too: Gordon, a military mystic. "I believe that in his heart of hearts he regarded" Gordon's "as the highest form of character attainable by human nature," says Mr. Abbott. We are reminded of Mr. Ruskin, praying for more Claverhouses, beside the grave of Dundee. It may seem even more surprising that the Rector of Lincoln, deemed so sceptical, was also a mystic.

The Master, when I knew him, had a great disbelief in miracles. "No Jesuit believes in the miracles of a Jansenist, no Protestant of a Catholic." To find a person who believed in all of them (granting the evidence good enough) was a problem to the Master. "The belief in miracles is fading away," he said, "and can only be maintained by a violent effort, which must revive many other superstitions" (II. 86, 87). Yet Gordon believed in them, and the Master would scarcely have called his ideal character "superstitious." At the very same time (1873-76) we read that Jowett "was positively afraid of spiritualism." In these years, at Oxford, all manner of odd events occurred at meetings of some undergraduate friends of my own, mostly members of the University Eleven, football players, and athletes generally. The Master, vainly seeking comfort in Professor Huxley's "strong sense," felt that there was something uncanny about it (II. 76). "He deliberately closed his eyes," say his biographers. It is the fabled policy of the ostrich. "I am unable to deny many extraordinary phenomena," he writes, and he includes "inexplicable noises in so-called haunted houses." He refused to inquire further, "because these things seem to me to be against the laws of nature." He could not deny that there were things "against the laws of nature"; he thought miracles were "against the laws of nature": he did deny *them*; but he did not deny "the noises in haunted houses."

The logical course, surely, would have been to admit that even Professor Huxley did not know all the laws of nature, but this modest opinion never occurs to many minds. "There are no miracles in England, no ghost stories in America." Are there not? What the Master did not know was not knowledge, as the poet said.

Clearly these are all inconsistent and illogical positions, yet the Master came to be regarded as a kind of leader of opinion in the very topics where his attitude is so fundamentally unscientific.

People accused him of glorifying success in life, he even accused himself: "Had I had any noble ideal better than success in life, I seem as if I might have attained to real greatness." On my conscience, I do not believe that the Master really valued success, except as a rough working evidence that a man was not idling his life away. Anybody could see that goodness and kindness, and to help others were his ideal. An ambitious man would never have devoted his powers to so humble an object as serving a college. An ambitious man would not have given even the small hours of the morning to coaching (gratuitously) undergraduates whom he scarcely knew. In his note on his want of a noble ideal he is thinking of his youth, that youth which was freely spent in helping younger men, not in making money or position for himself.

He got a name for religious heterodoxy, yet he was vexed a little with me for writing some essays on the Early Evolution of the Family, as if minds might be unsettled by learning that savages count kin on the mother's side. This revolutionary idea had not come in when he was young, and he did not like it. We are not likely to return to polyandry, though perhaps the emancipated might parody a Bishop, and exclaim, "I would rather see England free than England monogamous!" The truth seems to be that the Master's mind had been accessible, between twenty-five and thirty-five, to such "advanced" critical ideas as were current. If scepticism about scepticism came in later

he did not attend to it. And a new young heresy this heresiarch distrusted.

In the matter of art, he disliked the ruin of the old Balliol chapel, and the erection of the present portent in streaked bacon. Yet, about the appalling new buildings fronting the Broad, the Master wrote: "Our new building is very beautiful—the best thing that has been done in Oxford in this way." (I. 380.) In literature his taste was almost soundness itself, and his writing was a model which young writers would do well to study. But, as to architecture, he studied the Cathedrals of England in vain. "It is a great principle in all serious reading to stick to the works of the great writers," he wrote to Miss Tennant. This was his own principle. "Shakspeare is a hundred times greater than Shelley or Keats." There was no intellectual *bric-à-brac* in the Master's mind. He did not value curiosities. I can fancy the countenance with which he would have turned over the pages of Verlaine!

Finally, for my space is exhausted, it was not Lord Brougham, but Coleridge, who "had seen too many ghosts to believe in them." Brougham only saw one: it is in his Journal. He was in Sweden, and saw a friend who happened to be dying, or just dead, in India. Lord Brougham got a fright, as he admits. But in 1887 the Master's memory was no longer at its best, and he attributes to the sensible Brougham a remark of the visionary Coleridge.

All this is very "critical," but the Master's inconsistencies only endeared him to his friends, like those of his beloved Dr. Johnson. His biographers, rightly, do not conceal them; happy biographers who had none but these amiable blemishes to conceal! They have drawn an admirable portrait of one of the best men who ever lived.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

What a pleasing practice it is of the women who visit Epsom to confine themselves to the simplicity of the tailor-made gown! These were noticeable all through the week, their material being selected according to the weather. I confess myself guilty of having spent four whole days on the Downs, so I had a good opportunity of judging of the special attractiveness of the dresses: of a blue serge one, with a green necktie and a green hat; and of a light drab covert-coating Eton coat and skirt, worn with an ivory lace



COSTUME IN GRENADINE AND GLACÉ SILK.

waistcoat pouched, and crowned with a small pink toque with a bow of black lace at one side. And, again, I was able to observe the charms—and they were charms—of a light grey cloth coat worn with a blue serge skirt, and made in a pouched style with a tabbed basque and a collar of thick white silk, outlined with a steel and black braid. This little coat was marked “French,” without a doubt, and another little jacket also hailing from the same capital was in black serge, double-breasted, with the front loose, and overhanging a belt of oxidised silver and jet. This was completed with a sailor hat of black, trimmed with a wreath of pale yellow roses and gypsophila (I wonder if that is the right way to spell it). On the whole, I think Englishwomen look best in the tailor-made dresses that are made in the tight style, or at least with semi-fitting fronts, the pouching style not being absolutely becoming to the native figure.

Two or three piqué gowns put in their appearance at the Derby, one specially successful being made of holland-colour with a small pattern on its surface. This was fashioned with a sac Eton, tabbed at the hem, worn with a plain skirt and a Panama sailor hat bound with black velvet, trimmed with a flight of white wings and a few folds of buff-coloured chiffon round the crown.

But let me to the modes of London, and first and foremost let me explain these two illustrations—the one representing a dress pre-eminently suited for home wear, made in glacé silk of green and mauve, the sleeves, vest, and skirt of kilted grenadine in an écarle tone, the silk being outlined with a narrow tracery of écarle tambour stitch. The other frock is of muslin, and a delightful Liberty muslin it is too, crossed with lines of Valenciennes lace, frilled on the edge with lace. This has a yoke of lace at the top of the bodice, which overhangs a few folds of pale yellow silk at the waist, and the hat which completes it is of Leghorn, with a large group of flowers at one side on the brim and beneath it. This style would look well made in crêpe de chine, particularly if that periwinkle-blue shade be selected which is at the moment the latest fancy of fashion.

And a word about that periwinkle blue. I want to recommend it for wear with blue serge coats and skirts. I saw a shirt made of it yesterday—of surah—and set into innumerable little tucks, the centre decorated with a box pleat, edged on either side with an infinitesimal kilting. It pouched a little over the belt in the front, and it was tight and tucked from neck to waist at the back, and the sleeves were of the bishop order. Worn with a blue serge skirt, it was exceedingly successful. Another effective means of introducing the periwinkle blue is to have a hat entirely made of it, draped with chiffon and

trimmed with wings of the one colour. This should not be attempted by anyone who has blue eyes; the colour of the hat takes the colour out of the eyes, but under other circumstances it will be found generally successful. But I find it either looks better when worn with a dress of its own shade or with navy blue, the combination of periwinkle-blue and white is not successful, although it is much used, but I have met it in the most happy union with mauve; however, you must find the right shade of mauve, or the results would be dire—no pun intended.

What a pity it is some enthusiast does not take upon herself the task of reforming men's dress! In contrast with the many Indians who are at the moment decorating London streets, Europeans look quite hideous. There is so much grace in the flowing white garments and turbans, and the touch of colour at one side—grace, alas! that even the many Apollos of Great Britain cannot evolve from broad cloth and a high hat. And with the hot sun streaming down on the streets, as it has been amiably streaming down the last few days, it seems a thousand pities men should be debarred the careful elegance of white draperies. It seems rather a pity, too, that women should not be allowed the privilege of wearing loose thin clothes, instead of being forced into corsets and belts which are just a little too tight in the waist. Of course, most women do not lace themselves too tightly, but eight women out of ten will tell you they are more comfortable without their stays than with them. Under these circumstances, why should we not, at least during the summer months, rid ourselves of their oppressive influence, and appear in all the graceful elegance of loose white frocks, draped Greek fashion, confined either above or below, or about the waist, as the individual figure suggests? Of course, the mountainous women of our acquaintance would not look well under these conditions, but the question is, Do they look well when they have, by dint of vigorous pressure, succeeded in obtaining a waist-line between two protuberances?

But this is a question, I suppose, I shall never get answered, so I will just get me to more practical matters, and tell of a beautiful ball-dress I met this week made of white satin worked in relief with pale pink roses in aerophane, with pale green leaves applied with gold thread; from waist to hem of this satin skirt this trimming trailed, and the bodice, which was of the swathed description, showed the same decoration over a chemisette of old rose point, one sleeve being formed of a frill of the lace quite short, and the other being made of pale pink roses. It was a gorgeous gown!

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Since the adverse vote as to degrees for women at Cambridge, many advisers have urged that an attempt shall be made to found a “Woman's University.” Such an enterprise, however, does not commend itself to the friends of the higher education of women. The reasons that actuated the founders of Girton and Newnham in placing those colleges where they are still remain in force. A main reason was that the University has of necessity some of the best teachers of the age connected with it, and that the women students could, by going where such learned men are, obtain a share of their services; while they could by no means be either remunerated sufficiently or surrounded with other desirable conditions so as to induce them to take up residence in some other neighbourhood purposely to teach at a women's college. Like most deep-rooted enterprises, the women's colleges at Cambridge grew out of the necessities of the case. The initial step was the formation of the educational organisation—the lectures and classes—which was established at Cambridge because there and there alone could the men be found of the highest ability, and at the same time the willingness and leisure, to teach women students. The residences and regulations, the collegiate life, of Girton and Newnham, flowed out of the educational organisation. This and other considerations having caused Girton and Newnham to be placed in the neighbourhood of Cambridge University, the fact that they are there is obviously a powerful reason for their remaining there. For many thousands of pounds are invested in those fine buildings. The very iron gates of Newnham against which the gallant youths carrying the decapitated effigy of a lady B.A. flattened their noses and howled, are a costly and handsome memorial raised by public subscription to the first Principal of the College, the late Miss Clough. The existence of all this capitalised interest in women's education is therefore now added to the original reasons for the women's colleges being at Cambridge.

But if the suggestion to found a Woman's University is intended to mean that an examining University only shall be set up elsewhere than at Cambridge to give women's degrees, the idea is still less practical and useful. The University of London fills this want, so far as it exists. All over the country, too, there are other and newer Universities (one, at Manchester, actually bearing the name that the Bishop of Hereford has suggested for a special Women's University, “The Victoria University”) where women can now obtain education and examination in competition with and on the same terms as the men who go to the same institutions. It is true that these new institutions do not rank in the public eye as on an equality with the old Universities; but it is certain that they are held at least as highly in general esteem as would be a new “mere woman's” University and its “female” degrees. Moreover, the University of London has tried the experiment of having specially “female” courses of study and specially arranged examinations and honours for women, only to prove quite conclusively that women do not want to have thus set out for them any special meats, but desire to sit at the high table of the world's knowledge and eat of the very dishes that the wisdom of the ages has recognised as the most nourishing to the growing mind.

Between 1867 and 1877 the University of London did not admit women to the ordinary degree examinations, but offered them separate examinations and certificates, “in the scheme for which special prominence was given

to those subjects that it was presumed women would prefer.” But this was not valued. It was found that the chief distinction gained by women in those examinations was not in the special subjects that had been selected for them, and that were theoretically laid down by men as “feminine,” but in the ordinary “masculine” subjects, classics and science. It was, moreover, continually urged on the Senate by women themselves that they “did not desire a scheme of learning exclusively devised for their use, but would prefer to have access to the ordinary degrees and honours and to be subject to the same tests of qualification as the male students.” Hence, the University of London gave way, and in 1877 opened all degrees and examinations to women on equal terms with men. We all know how well they have since availed themselves of that permission. But the previous ten years of “special female” courses and examinations must be considered to have settled for good the question of starting a “female” University with a different course from that of men, and “female” degrees to be all it has to show at the end of the course. Women students do not think such a course desirable, and will not accept it; hence, for benevolent persons to provide it would be useless.

It is good news that the plague is lessening fast at Bombay. Mr. Justice Jardine, speaking at the Imperial Institute, has borne testimony to the heroism of the Christian women, both those of the Roman Catholic and Anglican communions, who came forward at once to nurse the plague-stricken when the difficulty of getting nurses was first made known. It appears that five months after the plague broke out, no provision had been made to meet it by the Bombay municipality, beyond the ordinary infectious diseases hospital, which had one doctor to a hundred patients, and which was destitute of any nurses! Dr. Edith Pechey Phipson was the first to call attention to what she justly called “this brutal disregard of duty,” and immediately the nuns from the Catholic convent and the members of an Anglican sisterhood offered their nursing aid. Parsee ladies gave great help in the house-to-house visitation which has had much effect in the check given to the disease; and a Parsee lady doctor, Mrs. Murzban, M.D., who is a gold medallist in Hygiene of Bombay University, served as medical officer of the Fort ward.

American parties have long been more varied and therefore entertaining than our own “At Homes.” The novel ideas are now spreading to Paris. A smart hostess in the British Embassy set recently gave an evening “Book Reception.” Each guest was asked to represent in the costume in some manner the title of a well-known English work. On entering, the visitors were given a slip of paper on which to write the titles of books that they perceived to be represented by others' costumes, and a prize was given both to the one who had correctly found out the largest



A MUSLIN DRESS.

number and to the best dress. One lady wore little angels in biscuit china, one on either shoulder, to represent “The Heavenly Twins.” A preposterous and amusing notion was to wear two combs with the price-label conspicuously attached, signifying “The Newcomes.” Barrie's “Lady Nicotine” was equally easily represented by a costume decorated with cigarettes. Ouida's “Puck” and “Under Two Flags,” Charlotte Brontë's “Professor,” and many other books suggested their dress easily; but not the least successful idea was a white satin bodice cut out in steps along the front, each bearing a letter of the alphabet on a black velvet tab. This meant the “Directory.”—F. F. M.

WITHIN THE TRIBE.

The Haburas had committed what the eloquent native agent on the spot alliteratively described in his lengthy report as a "bloody and barbarous murder." They had followed up a Sikh, who had once been a British soldier, trapped him in a pass, and hacked him to pieces, all for the sake of a few dozen rupees he carried in his waist-belt. The Lieutenant-Governor was determined to "make an example of these savages." He lost no time. "Sinclair," he said to me, "you must push on there at once, and arrest the murderers!"

It was a difficult and dangerous task; but I was a young man then, and I started off full of vigour and spirits. Such a piece of work might almost be considered as active service. I had an imposing force of twenty armed men to back me up, with a detachment of police to arrest the criminals. We penetrated without much more than the usual trouble through the intricate mountain defiles of the Habura country, and were duly admitted by the chief to a solemn palaver.

To my great surprise, however, I found that famous and formidable old barbarian most mild and tractable. He scanned me up and down through benignant spectacles. He was all sweet reasonableness. He had the profoundest respect for the British *raj*. It shocked and distressed him to learn that the murdered Sikh was a British subject. His tribesman had taken the man for a mere Kashmiri, or they would never have killed him—for a few rupees! It was certainly most injudicious on the part of anyone to cut up a subject of the great Maharanee. However, we should have compensation—ample compensation. What did we demand of him?

"That the murderers be given up to us, chief," I replied, "to be tried at Umritsur."

A furtive gleam of satisfaction flitted across the chief's benevolent face. I could easily see he expected a demand for money compensation, and was delighted to find we required no more than the guilty parties. "It is even as the great Maharanee wishes," he answered, salaaming. "How many do you require, Sahib?"

"All who took part in the attack on our fellow-subject," I replied with dignity.

The chief seemed surprised. "What, all my tribe?" he exclaimed aghast.

"No, no," I answered sternly. "But all who were concerned in the actual murder."

He looked somewhat puzzled, and argued out the matter for a while with the native interpreter; but, understanding at last I was in earnest, he gave way, and turned with a short command to one of his tribesmen behind him. I could see he knew where to lay his hands on the culprits.

We waited about an hour. At the end of that time the emissary returned, bringing with him six of the most abjectly wretched hill-tribe men I ever set eyes upon. They were trembling with terror, and evidently oppressed by remorse. They flung themselves instantly at the chief's feet, embracing his knees and mine in agonies of useless appeal for pity. Their women behind them begged hard for their lives. But my orders were strict; I was bound to obey them.

"I shall want witnesses against these men who saw the crime committed," I said. "They must come with me to Umritsur to give evidence against the murderers."

The interpreter spoke again. After a second brisk colloquy and some parley with the accused, he turned to me once more. "It is useless," he answered. "Nobody else saw them do it. But they are known to be the criminals, and the chief has instructed them that they must all plead guilty. If you wish it, indeed, any two of the party will turn Queen's evidence."

I had to be satisfied with this assurance, and returned forthwith to Umritsur, with my six wretched prisoners, beginning to be oppressed with a certain feeling that active service was not all I had imagined it.

We gave the men a fair trial, of course; but they pleaded guilty, without an attempt at extenuation, and were duly hanged in proper order. I was present in my official capacity at the execution. A more awful sight than the faces of those six poor wretches as they stood to be pinioned I never beheld in my life. It fairly sickened me of police duty in future.

That very evening Dr. Barton, the famous scientific explorer, just returned from the Hills, dropped in at my quarters. "Well, you've hanged those fellows, I hear," he said.

"Yes," I answered, with a distinct tinge of remorse in my voice. "We've hanged the whole six of them. It was really a most atrocious and cold-blooded murder; yet, I confess, I never want to be mixed up again in such an ugly business."

The doctor lighted his pipe. "Anyhow, it was plucky of them," he remarked in his slow way.

"Plucky!" I cried. "How do you mean? They couldn't help themselves."

He looked at me compassionately. "My dear fellow," he said, "you don't understand these Haburas. They are organised entirely on the tribal system, and are accustomed to blood-feud. When one of them kills a man of another tribe, the injured clan demands a Habura in compensation. Then the chief decides which of the tribesmen shall be given up to them. Your native police understand all that; only, of course, they don't talk to you about it. You interviewed the chief; he said to your interpreter, 'Will the sahib be satisfied with six?' The interpreter said, 'I think so.' Naturally, the chief wasn't going to give up the actual murderers, who are men of importance and members of his own family; so he just sent out a servant for the first six Haburas he could lay his hands upon. It's all within the tribe—a mere matter of family arrangement. The chief repeated a form of words over the men he had caught, and sprinkled them with grains of sacred wheat; so the oath of the tribe was upon them; to disobey would be sacrilege. Guilty or not, they confessed the crime at once, as they must do by their religion; and they went to the gallows, confident, no doubt, that the chief would look after their wives and children, but, nevertheless, with considerable personal disinclination."

And so it was, I believe. We had taught these barbarians respect for human life by legally murdering six innocent people.

G. A.

CHESS.

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R WALKER (Cloveley) and JEFF ALLEN (Simla).—Thanks for problems.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2767 received from C A M (Penang) and Corporal G A Gilbert (Penang); of No. 2768 from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2769 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2770 from C E Perugini; of No. 2771 from F J Candy (Croydon); of No. 2772 from C E Perugini and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2773 from C M A B, Charles Burnett, C E Perugini, R Walker (Cloveley), J S Wesley (Exeter), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2774 received from R H Brooks, Fred J Gross, F Jones (Surbiton), M G D, E B Foord (Cheltenham), W d A Barnard (Uppingham), Bluet, E P Vulliamy, C E Perugini, Emile Frau (Lyons), P B Womersley, Hereward, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Charles Burnett, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Shudforth, F A Carter (Maldon), Meursius (Brussels), Sorrento, F Anderson, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Bailey (Newark), Frank Proctor, Maurice Sutcliffe (Manchester), Ubique, R Nugent (Southwold), S Davis (Leicester), L Desanges, F R Evans (Islington), C Clibborn (Moorock), E Loudon, H S Brandreth (Vienna), Colonel Whitehead, W R B (Clifton), Fred Elliot (Crouch End), Burleigh (Brighton), F Hooper (Putney), J G Lord (Castleton), F N Drage, and H W Winterburn.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2773.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. B to Q R 4th
2. P to K 4th (ch)
3. Q or B mates

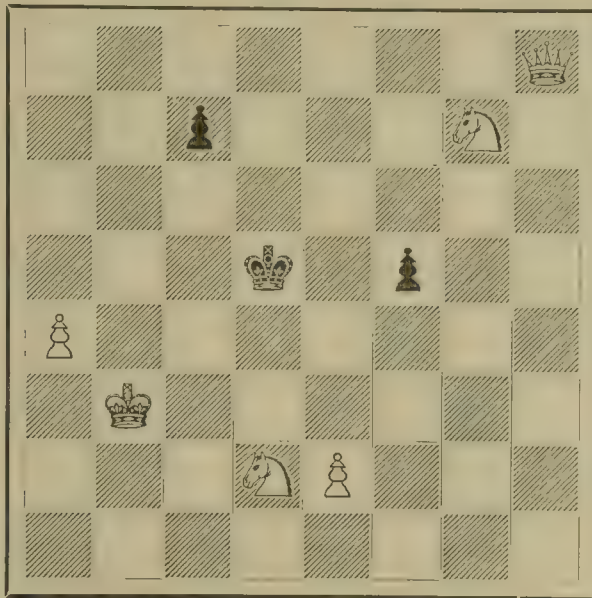
BLACK.

- B to B 7th
- B or K takes P

If Black play 1. B takes B, 2. P to K 4th (ch), and if any other move, then 2. B takes B (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2776.—By NORMAN ALLISTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played in the Parliamentary match between the Hon. Mr. FLOWMAN and Mr. ATHERLEY-JONES.

(Ruy Lopez)

WHITE (Mr. P., U.S.A.)	BLACK (Mr. J., England)	WHITE (Mr. P., U.S.A.)	BLACK (Mr. J., England)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	P was tempting now, to take over the	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	attack and turn the tables a little.	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	24. Q R to K Kt sq	P to Q B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	25. B to Q 5th	P to B 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th	26. P to Kt 5th	B to Kt 2nd
6. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	27. Q to R 5th	B to Kt 3rd
7. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th	28. Q to K Kt 4th	
8. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
9. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		
10. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th		
11. B to Kt 3rd	P to R 3rd		

It may be observed generally that in these games the Parliamentary players showed a fairly good acquaintance with the openings, or, at all events, made no serious blunders in that respect.

12. P to R 3rd
13. Kt to Q 5th
14. Kt takes Kt (ch)
15. B to Q 5th
16. Q to B 3rd
17. B to Q Kt 3rd
18. Q to Q 2nd
19. K to K 2nd

There are objections to casting King's side, and the Queen's side is hardly any safer. Besides, the King is safer here at present.

This is the critical point of a most notable game.

21. Kt takes Kt
22. B takes R P
23. Q takes P

Q takes B (ch) is threatened; the fact that the White Bishop pins the Pawn is overlooked by both players later. B takes

29. K to Q 2nd
30. P takes P
31. P to R 5th
32. P takes B
33. P takes P (ch)
34. K to K 2nd
35. K to B 3rd
36. R to Q sq
37. P to K Kt 6th
38. Q to K 6th
39. K to K Kt 2nd
40. Q to R 3rd
41. Q to K R 7th
42. Q to Kt 8th (ch)

There are various ways of winning. One is now by P to Kt 7th (ch), if B takes P, followed by Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc.

He might again have won by P to B 8th (ch), followed by R to R 7th (ch).

43. R takes P (ch)
44. K takes R
45. K to K sq

The mate was forced after K takes R. K to Kt sq was the winning move. A most exciting conclusion under all the circumstances. (Score of moves from the Times.)

The cable chess-match between the United States House of Representatives and our own House of Commons was played on the evenings of May 31 and June 1, before a crowd of interested spectators on either side of the Atlantic. The American Ambassador was among the company witnessing the games in London, and the contest was preceded by friendly greetings between the Speakers of both Houses. The combatants were paired by lot, and the match proceeded with every accompaniment of generous rivalry. It is almost a pleasure to say that in the end the match was drawn, because victory must have been as painful to the winners as defeat to the losers, where so much kindly feeling was aroused. The following is the score, and one of the games we quote above—

House of Commons.		House of Representatives.	
Mr. Plunkett ...	1	Mr. Pearson ...	0
Mr. Parnell ...	0	Mr. Shaforth ...	1
Mr. Strauss ...	0	Mr. Bodine ...	1
Mr. Atherley-Jones ...	1	Mr. Plowman ...	0
Mr. Wilson ...	2	Mr. Hardy ...	2
	2½		2½

Cyclists in general, and especially those who happen to be smokers devoted to "Player's Navy Cut," will doubtless accord a hearty welcome to the excellent cycling-maps of various districts now being issued by Messrs. John Player and Sons, of Nottingham. Separate maps devoted to "The London District," "Yorkshire and Lincolnshire," "Nottingham and District," and other proportionate sections of our country's surface have already appeared in the series, and are all admirably clear in design and compact in form.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

We are now in the season when the pursuit of botany and the study of the world of flowers can be readily accomplished. No lack of material for this delightful study can be complained of; for every garden really becomes a living text-book, and every wood a laboratory, wherein the wondrous ways of life and her children may be investigated with little trouble and much mental gain. I always call to mind Huxley's pregnant words when addressing a British Association audience in the shape of working men attending one of the popular evening lectures given under the auspices of the scientific body just named. The Professor had been telling his hearers the story of a bit of chalk in his own incomparable way, and had led them to note how the chalk had played its own part as a chapter in the history of this world's evolution. Then, driving home his conclusions, he impressed on his audience that the man who properly understood the history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries in his pocket, would have a better, because a truer, conception of the world and man's relation to it than the most learned student who had satiated himself with tomes of learning of a literary kind, but was ignorant of the truth as it is in Nature.

These are not Huxley's precise words, but they convey the exact gist of his meaning when he urged that to come face to face with Nature and to try to understand something of her ways and works was in itself the true mode of a liberal education. Now it has always appeared to me that the same remarks hold most true in the case of the study of plant-life in the fields and gardens. Nothing more humanising, in the truest sense of that term, could well be selected in the way of a study than the investigation of flowers and their varied modes of life. The story of flower-fertilisation reads like a veritable romance, for example. How insects act as the ministers of the floral world, how they cross-fertilise plants, how certain insects alone can enter certain flowers, and how other insects are debarred from visiting these flowers; how the flowers are constructed to avail themselves of the particular structure of the insects they invite—these and many more details open up a field of study whose interest is only excelled by its delightful nature. Let anybody armed with a little previous knowledge read Darwin's book on orchids and their fertilisation, and he will have no cause indeed to doubt my opinion that the devices of plants to secure cross-fertilisation present the most remarkable series of facts with which the naturalist can come face to face.

When one hears of people sighing for a new sensation, and when one sees them suffering from ennui and boredom, it is a thousand pities that somebody does not point out an easy way of escape from the fashionable malady by inviting them to take a little interest in the life that everywhere encompasses their footsteps. The story of a primrose, for example, is in itself as curious a bit of living history as can well be selected from the domain of plant-life, and the recital of the part played by bees in its fertilisation is calculated to awake the interest even of the most blasé listener. Only, botany, if it is to be made popular to boys and girls, must be taught properly. What is wanted at first, is to bring the pupil at once into contact with living nature, to make him see and observe for himself, and to make him understand what he sees by the simple plan of looking at the flower or leaf he is studying. In this way you create an appetite for nature-study, and introduce the boy or girl into a new universe full of wondrous things, the contemplation whereof cannot but elevate the mind and rejoice the heart to think that the world, after all, is "fair to see" to those who have the eyes to discern its beauty. I have been pleading in this column of late for the extension of a knowledge of health-laws among the people, and that is a necessity, and a primary one, of all thorough education. The knowledge of the life universal is an addition to the curriculum which is to be regarded in the light of a pleasant and admirable piece of true culture that teaches us, among other things, our relations to the great universe of which we ourselves are part.

The interesting observations recently recorded regarding the freedom from the effects of mosquito-bites and bee-stings which may be induced by previous injuries of this kind, demand a word of notice. The idea implied by this immunity is that previous bites or stings inoculate the blood with some principle or "toxin" derived from the poison, which in its turn protects the body from fresh attack. An analogy can be seen between this naturally produced immunity and that which is presented by the treatment of diphtheria with the anti-toxin of the disease. One writer told his experiences to the effect that, being a beekeeper, he had never suffered from stings after he had been once very severely stung by a swarm. Probably his system had become thoroughly inoculated by the big dose of poison he then received. Of mosquito-bites the same experience has been related. But what will be of interest to biologists is the recital of yet another correspondent, that such freedom from mosquito-stings is not invariably met with as a consequence of frequent bites. It is an illustration of a law I have never been weary of pointing out when unreasonable people have argued that because a process or treatment did not act invariably and in all cases in the same way, it was therefore of no value at all. The law I refer to is that which teaches us that when we are dealing with living beings, we cannot expect to find mathematical certainty in our results. Life is a very different thing, in all its variability, from mathematical and exact calculations.

The correspondent of a scientific journal who writes last on the topic of mosquito-bites, says that he has suffered for many years from the attacks of these pests in America, and has acquired no immunity whatever from these attacks. Contrariwise, he does not suffer from the acrid poison of the *Rhus toxicodendron*, a plant the juice of which produces very irritating effects on many persons. Here is another illustration of the difficulty of arguing about living beings and the varying effects on them of one and the same influence.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

People may order their tombstones beforehand, as did, at Angers a few days ago, a widow "upon suicide intent"; but unless they leave certain provisions in their wills for

Backers', and Kirkman's names have been mentioned in connection with the dawn of this industry. To begin with, Zumpo had been a workman—foreman, according to some—in the manufactory of Gottfried Silbermann, at Freiberg, in Saxony, and Silbermann's is by most authorities acknowledged to have been the first regularly constituted piano-manufactory—so the word is not misplaced in this instance.

My other reason for believing that Zumpo was the maker of the first pianos, at any rate of pianofortes, used in England, is this. In May 1767—I do not know the exact day—there appeared on the walls of London the following announcement: "After the first act of the piece, Mdle. Brickler will sing a favourite air of 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin; on a new instrument called the pianoforte."

Here, then, we have the exact year, if not the exact day, of the first appearance before a London public of the pianoforte. There were probably pianos in private houses, even if we admit that Zumpo was the first to introduce them, inasmuch as he had been established for something like seven years in Hanover Square, and that he was not likely to have wasted his time. In 1764 Mozart made his first bow before a London public, but I am under the impression that he played on the harpsichord and not on the pianoforte. Here is what I read in the *Public Advertiser* of May 9, 1764: "Concerto on the harpsichord by Master Mozart, who is a real prodigy of Nature. He is but seven years of age, plays anything at first sight, and composes amazingly well. He has had the honour of exhibiting before their Majesties, greatly to their satisfaction."

But Master Wolfgang Mozart, "the most extraordinary prodigy and most amazing genius that has appeared in any age"—to quote once more from a subsequent advertisement in the same paper—did not abide with us. Muzio Clementi, when he came, practically did stay; and I quite agree with the Rev. Mr. Haweis when he says, "the man who, more than any other, made the piano and pianoforte music popular in England and all over the Continent was

Muzio Clementi." It was only in 1800 that Clementi, in consequence of the loss of the greater part of his fortune, became associated with the pianoforte industry, and Messrs. Collard and Collard must assuredly have many valuable documents relating to this undertaking. The simple restoration of his gravestone is, in my opinion, not sufficient. There should be magnificent statues of Muzio Clementi in at least three of our largest concert-halls in London, and the publication of such documents—provided they exist—would go far towards defraying the expenses of such erections. The piano is either an instrument of torture or one of delight. The torturers, in looking at Clementi's counterfeit, may possibly take pity on us; the charmers may be impelled to efforts of even greater perfection than they exhibit at present; but Clementi should have his full length—or, at least, a splendid bust in front of the Albert Hall, and respectively in Queen's and St. James's Halls.

A DIAMOND JUBILEE NUMBER.

By the time the Diamond Jubilee celebrations are with us, probably every portrait of the Queen and every important picture representing an incident in her Majesty's life will have been pressed into the service of illustrated journalism, which has already provided a combined art gallery and historical library devoted to the celebration of her Majesty's glorious reign. In this pictorial record of the Victorian Era no presentment of scenes from the Queen's life has more interest than the paintings of the great artists of an earlier generation which are included in the royal collection, and few of this group of well-known canvases are more effective than Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of "The Queen in Windsor Forest." The reproduction of this celebrated picture here given is taken from a remarkably fine mezzotint plate, of the usual large engraving size, which is published as a supplement to the Diamond Jubilee Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. The number generally is a notable one among the mass of Diamond Jubilee Numbers which are the order of the day. It has, moreover, a character of its own, for, in accordance with the usual scope of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, it is devoted primarily to a profusely illustrated record of the principal events connected with sport, drama, and music during the sixty years of her Majesty's reign.

THE JUBILEE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

London is now given over to the unsightly operations of the builder of balconies and grand stands, and the scaffold-pole triumphantly rears its head along the route to be taken by the royal procession on June 22. St. Paul's Churchyard is more transformed, perhaps, than any other spot of the same area. The preparations are not things of beauty by any means, but in view of the near approach of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations it may interest our readers to be informed of the exact coign of vantage from which our Artists will sketch the picturesque ceremony to be held before the great entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral, when the Queen will halt on her progress through the City to give thanks for the long prosperity of her reign. For the Artists who will picture this particular part of the proceedings of Queen's Day we have secured seats in the premises of Messrs. Pawsons and Leaf, in St. Paul's Churchyard. It will be seen from the photograph here reproduced that our Artists will occupy a position which commands as good a view as can possibly be obtained of the Queen, the Princes, and the Thanksgiving generally. Seats in the building from which this view is taken are being rapidly purchased, and some idea of the numerical strength of the great assembly of sightseers in St. Paul's Churchyard generally may be gathered from the fact that no less than two thousand six hundred persons will witness the Thanksgiving Service from these premises alone.



THE QUEEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.—BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

Reduced from the Presentation Plate published with the Diamond Jubilee Number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

the maintenance of the monuments, these are, sooner or later, suffered to fall into decay. Victor Hugo was not altogether wrong when he said that the memory of the departed often vanishes from the hearts of those that were dear to them before their bones had crumbled into dust. When too early oblivion like this sets in in the case of the obscure dead, the public have no right to protest, nor are they bound to unloosen their purse-strings in order to make up for the family's neglect. Not so when the ashes beneath such a stone are those of one who did service to the State as a legislator or warrior, or contributed otherwise to his fellows' happiness by the due exercise of great gifts, like Muzio Clementi, called the Father of the Pianoforte.

Clementi's last resting place, in the south walk of the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, appears to have been sadly neglected. Mr. Algernon Ashton drew attention to the fact, but before the public could respond to the appeal Messrs. Collard and Collard came generously forward and offered to do all that is necessary. This is as it should be, for Clementi was one of the founders of their house. Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering that the head of the firm, whom I have the honour to know, and who is a most intelligent and amiable man, if ever there was one, should have remained ignorant of the state of affairs until Mr. Ashton enlightened him—by accident. If Muzio Clementi had been only one of the co-founders of Messrs. Collard and Collard's world-famed establishment, the thing would be surprising enough, but he was a pianist the like of whom the world had never heard before his time. There are hundreds of publishers over the civilised globe who could not write a book; there are as many marble-merchants who could not carve the most elementary design in marble; there are thousands of artists' colourmen who could not sketch the simplest figure; there are few, if any, piano-manufacturers who are not skilful performers on the instrument from the making of which they derive such handsome incomes; and Mr. Collard does not belong to these few.

In addition to this, the firm probably possesses valuable heirlooms in the shape of manuscript compositions by Clementi, and other documents bearing on the history of the introduction of the piano in England; for, unless my memory plays me false, the introduction of the instrument coincides with the very beginning of Clementi's stay among us. I am pretty certain of my dates in one way; in the other I am not quite so certain. Clementi was born in Rome in 1752, and he was between fourteen and fifteen when Mr. Beckford brought him to Dorsetshire, where he remained but a little while. Consequently, we get to the end of 1766 or the beginning of 1767, at which period there lived at Hanover Square a piano-maker—manufactory would imply a much more extended business—named Zumpo. I am unable to say whether Zumpo was the first piano-maker in London or not, but am inclined to think he was for two reasons—notwithstanding the fact that Shudi's,



PREPARATIONS FOR THE DIAMOND JUBILEE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

VIEW FROM MESSRS. PAWSONS' AND LEAF'S PREMISES IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, FROM WHICH OUR ARTISTS WILL SKETCH THE CEREMONY. The Queen's Carriage will be drawn up on the Spot where the Two Further Figures are Standing.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY.

The Finest LIME FRUIT Plantations in the World.

Most people know the merits of Lime Juice as a thirst-quencher, but few are aware of the origin and nature of the delicious fruit from which it is obtained.

The Lime is a product of the West Indies, where it is much esteemed for its delightful flavour and its cooling and refreshing properties.

It is of the same species as the lemon, but its acidity is much more pronounced and agreeable, whilst its value as a purifier of the blood is considered to be much superior by the most eminent medical authorities.

The Lime Tree, in common with that of the orange and lemon, presents the singular appearance of bearing its fruit in every stage of ripening amidst a luxuriant display of exquisitely perfumed blossoms.

In the lovely Roseau Valley, in the island of Dominica, West Indies, which, as stated in the Report of the recent Royal Commission, produces "*the best Limes in the world*," the Lime plantations of L. Rose and Co., the well-known Lime Juice Merchants are situated, extending over several hundred acres. The trees, which attain to the size of apple or pear-trees, are cultivated with the greatest care, so that the choicest limes only are obtained.

At the head of the Roseau Valley, 2241 ft. above the sea-level, there is a crater lake of the purest ice-cold water, whilst not far off, at the base of Watt Mountain, 4075 ft.



GATHERING THE FRUIT.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "It is now an accepted axiom that the North Pole cannot be reached without Lime Juice." Dr. Nansen's famous expedition carried *five years' supply of Rose's Lime Juice*, and so wholesome and invigorating was it found by the explorers that they unanimously called it "*Fram Wine*."

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CAUTION.

L. Rose and Co., of London and Leith, as the *original manufacturers* of Lime Juice beverages, beg to warn the public against the numerous imitations of their brand which are frequently offered under various names as being "*quite as good*," but cannot fail to give disappointment to all who have once tried the original and genuine productions, which are made from the finest Limes in the world. They are therefore absolutely pure and genuine.



CARTING TO THE PRESSES.

high, there exists one of the most wonderful sights on earth. The Boiling Lake of Dominica is held in the mouth of a great volcano, and so violent is its ebullition that the water is constantly being thrown 15 ft. to 20 ft. into the air. An ordinary thermometer is burst on immersion, and one can as easily boil an egg at the edge of the lake as in the homely saucepan over the kitchen fire.

The luxuriant growth of the Lime Trees in the plantations of the Roseau Valley is due to the rich volcanic nature of the soil, which produces more Limes per acre, and of better quality, than any other in the world. A Lime plantation in full bearing is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The beautiful dark green foliage is relieved by the thick clusters of the lovely yellow fruit, whilst humming-birds of every conceivable hue flit among the opening blossoms, which diffuse around the most exquisite fragrance.

During the Lime harvest the fine ripe fruit is gathered by the native girls and brought into the central factory, where it is quickly deprived of its juice, which is immediately run into large casks, ready for shipment.

People may sometimes wonder why ROSE'S LIME JUICE AND LIME JUICE CORDIAL are every day becoming more popular, whilst so many other non-alcoholic drinks come, but quickly go. The reason is that Lime Juice is not only delicious, wholesome, and refreshing, but also possesses such *valuable medicinal properties* that the medical profession in every part of the world has, for upwards of thirty years, strongly recommended it for purifying the blood and assisting digestion.

So valuable are the wholesome properties of ROSE'S LIME JUICE AND LIME JUICE CORDIAL that they are not only drunk in every temperate and tropical country in the world, but even in the bitter Arctic regions their daily use is absolutely necessary to maintain health and strength.



SHIPPING THE JUICE TO ROSE'S REFINERIES.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1892), with a codicil (dated Jan. 17, 1896), of Mr. Francis William Crossley, of Star Hall, Ancoats, Manchester, and of Messrs. Crossley Brothers, Limited, engineers, who died on March 25, was proved on May 19 in the Manchester District Registry by Mrs. Emily Crossley, the widow, William John Crossley, Richard Jason Kerr, and John Thompson, the value of the personal estate amounting to £624,350. The testator gives and bequeaths Star Hall, with the five adjoining houses, his household furniture, plate, and effects, and £20,000 to his wife; £100,000, upon trust, for all his children; £157 10s. each to his executors, except his wife, and a few small legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1892) of Mr. Frederic Hubert Freer, J.P., of Kitebrook, Chastleton, Oxford, who died on March 16 at Kingston, Jamaica, was proved on May 27 by Marcus Trevelyan Martin and James Dawkins, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £71,552. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister, Eliza Freer, as a token of affection; £300 each to his executors; and legacies and an annuity to his wife, Mrs. Mary Caroline Freer, who, it would appear, has predeceased him. He devises the Kitebrook estate and all other hereditaments and premises in the parishes of Chastleton, Oxfordshire, and Little Compton, Warwick, to his first and other sons successively in seniority in tail, with remainder to his daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his

children, the shares of his sons to be double that of his daughters.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1876) of Mr. Abraham Daniel de Pass, of 2, Kensington Gardens Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on April 29, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Judith de Pass, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £81,321 gross and £17,758 net. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated April 13, 1896) of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Henry Townshend Forester, of 58, South Audley Street, a member of the Jockey Club, and formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who died on May 5, was proved on May 25 by the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £69,637. The testator gives £100 to his brother, the Hon. Emelius Forester; £1000 each to his nephew Baron Forester and his son the Hon. George Beaumont Forester; £500, and any one of his racehorses, mares, or foals to his nephew Viscount Newport; £1000 to his nephew the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman; £600 to his niece Lady Mabel

vants, and a few small legacies and specific gifts. The residue of his property he leaves to the Hon. Francis Charles Bridgeman and Lady Mabel Selina Kenyon Slaney.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1895) of Mr. David Blaiklock, of 13, Elsworth Road, South Hampstead, who died on April 18, was proved on May 25 by Frank Edward Blaiklock, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £53,193. The testator gives £100 to Mrs. Elizabeth Lacy, and £10 each to his servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his five children, Mrs. Anne Mott, Mrs. Hero Elizabeth Patch, Frank Edward Blaiklock, David Stanway Blaiklock, and Reginald St. George Blaiklock; but sums advanced to his sons are to be accounted for.

The will (dated May 11, 1894) of Mr. Alfred Coates Coning, of Whickham Park, Whickham, Durham, forger-master, who died on Feb. 13, has been proved at the Durham District Registry by Thomas Metcalf, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £39,705. The testator gives £100 to his wife, Mrs. Jane

Selina Kenyon Slaney; £500 to his niece the Countess Howe, and £200 each to her daughters Ladies Edith and Evelyn Curzon; £500 to his niece the Countess of Bristol; £600 to his niece the Countess of Harewood; £200 to his godson Earl Lascelles; £300 to the Earl of Suffolk; £300, and any one of his hunters she may select, to Elizabeth Countess of Wilton; £200 to the Hon. George Orlando Bridgeman; £500 to Lady Colville, and £200 to her daughter Blanche; £100 to his trainer Thomas Wadlow; £700 and all his clothes to his men-ser-



THE MAPLE ALMSHOUSES AND CONVALESCENT HOME AT HARPENDEN.

In the invigorating air of breezy Harpenden, and within an easy walk of his seat at Childwickbury, Sir Blundell Maple, M.P., has generously built and endowed a Convalescent Home for the temporarily invalid, and Almshouses or Homes of Rest for the aged, or those of the employees and others of the great house in Tottenham Court Road who may have become incapacitated for business. The Convalescent Home has accommodation for eight male and twelve female patients, for whom cheerful reading and writing rooms and a well-appointed mess-room are provided, a steward and a matron being in attendance. The Homes of Rest, like the Convalescent Home, are built in the Elizabethan style, from the designs of Colonel R. W. Edis, F.S.A., the upper part being timbered, while a broad oaken verandah constitutes an important feature, and affords a pleasant shelter, under which the residents may sit and read or work, as they talk of the past and fight their battles of life over again; and each home may be described as a miniature flat.

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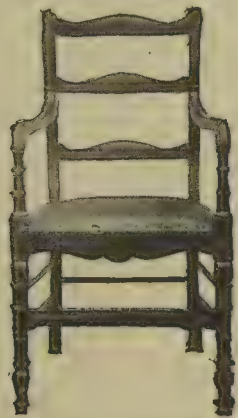
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Coning, and during her widowhood she is to have the use of his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £200; £50 to Thomas Metcalf, and £500, upon trust, for the education of his younger children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children equally.

The will (dated April 30, 1885) of Mr. Louis Parnell, of 129, Holland Road, and formerly of Mayland House, Shepherd's Bush, who died on March 7, was proved on May 25 by Mrs. Jane Mary Parnell, the widow, and the Rev. John Champion Hicks, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £36,150. Subject to a legacy of £100 to his executor the Rev. J. C. Hicks, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease to their children, the share of his son Gervais to be conditional on his taking the name of Peter.

The will and two codicils of Mr. William Robert Baker, J.P., D.L., for many years Chairman Hertford Petty Sessions, of Bayfordbury, Herts, who died on Nov. 29, were proved on May 28 by William Clinton Baker, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £7222.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1895) of Mr. William Whitehead Gascoyne, of Bapchild Court, near Sittingbourne, Kent, who died on March 18, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Augusta Plimley Gascoyne, the widow, and George Gascoyne and Edward Buckner Gascoyne, the sons, the

executors, the value of the personal estate being £33,361. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her for life. At her death he gives £2000 to his son Edward Buckner Gascoyne; and his residuary estate is to be divided in equal shares between his children.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Many striking testimonies are being given to the character and influence of the late Canon Churton. When he was at Eton he began so to study the writings of St. Chrysostom that it came to be said of him that he almost knew them by heart. Dr. Liddon exclaimed, on hearing this: "He who knows or seeks to know St. Chrysostom by heart can be no common character." His ways were shy, absent, shrinking, and even abrupt, but behind them was an immense force of character. He was singularly familiar with the missionary work of the Church of England in all lands. By a correspondence which was world-wide, he entered everywhere into that work and into bonds of sympathy with the workers in every part of the globe.

At the recent meetings of the English Church Union Viscount Halifax referred to the relation of the Church to the Nonconformist bodies. He said: "In regard to the Nonconformist bodies outside the Anglican communion, have we always shown enough desire to recognise their

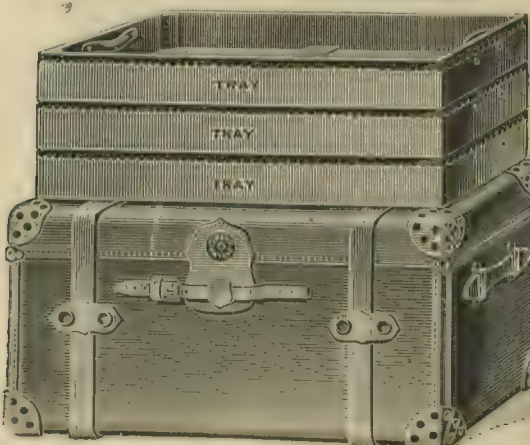
best side, to do justice to their work, and to all they could plead on their behalf? Assuredly we are bound to insist on the duty of complying with everything we believe to have been enjoined by Our Lord and His apostles on the Church, but does it follow that we have on that account the right to imply that God never does more than He promises?" Viscount Halifax is evidently very sore on the recent declaration of the Pope. He thinks that if Cardinal Wiseman had been Archbishop of Westminster results might have been very different. He expressed a hope that in the case of England and Russia at least the first step might be taken for healing the schism which has so long divided the Eastern and Western Churches.

Prebendary Villiers complained at the same meeting that Evangelicals did not give the sick the opportunity of receiving the Sacrament of Unction—not only Extreme Unction, but Unction. The Evangelicals, he said, "are second to none in their respect for Holy Scripture, and they have not yet repudiated St. James's Epistle, and yet a distinctly Scriptural practice has ceased to be commanded in the English Church, and that this should be true is a reproach. Some of you may yet live to see our Bishops consecrate the oil on Maundy Thursday in their own Cathedral Church according to the Western use, and very generally applied to the penitent sinner in the faith and spirit of St. James's directions, and not reserved only for those in extremis." He went on to say that the dead were

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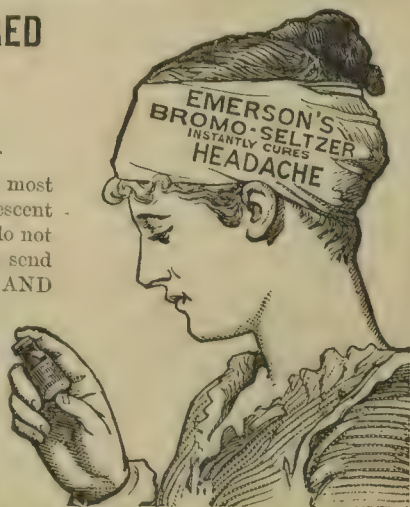
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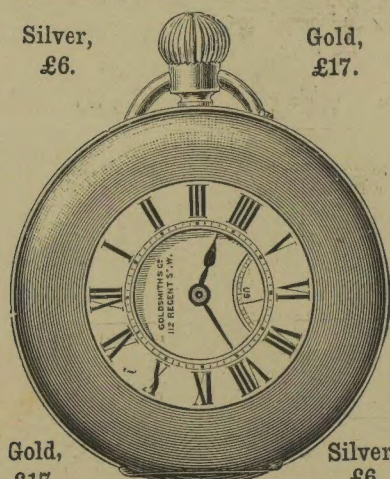
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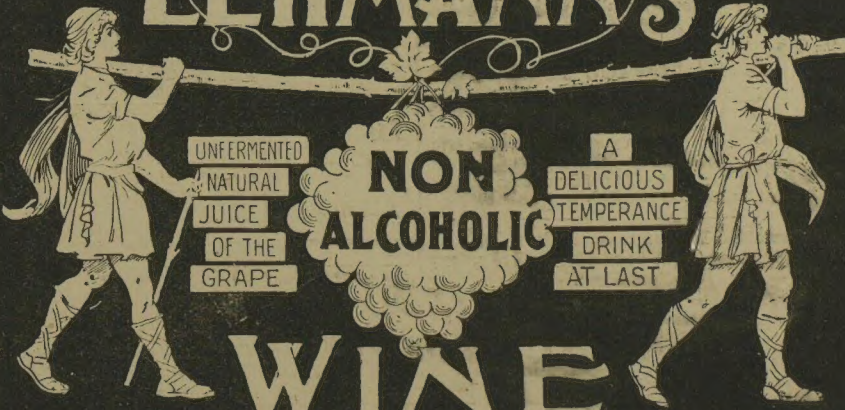
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practically banished from their devotions, and forgotten in their prayers, and that the yearning cries of the old Christians were heard no more in the public worship of the English Church, and that the practice of the triumphant and undivided Church must be restored—the practice of the funeral Eucharist and the Offered Sacrifice.

The question has been raised whether the Queen has ever been present in a Dissenting chapel in England, or has ever listened to a Dissenting minister. Her father, the Duke of Kent, was greatly interested in Hanover Chapel, Peckham, when Dr. Collyer was minister. He presented the organ, which, though it has undergone various alterations, is still used; and it is said that our Queen, when a child, was brought by her royal father to at least one of the services. Of course, the Queen is very familiar with the preaching of Presbyterian ministers in Scotland, those of the Established Church at least.

Lord Iveagh, brother-in-law of the late Archbishop Plunket, has endowed the Dublin Archbishopric with £1000 a year in perpetuity.

Canon Atkinson, the author of that admirable book "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," has completed the fiftieth year of his incumbency. The parishioners have celebrated the occasion with true Yorkshire heartiness, and

warm testimony has been given to Dr. Atkinson's ceaseless activity both of mind and body.

The late Mr. Lever, the founder of the great Sunlight Soap business, was an ardent Congregationalist, and his sons have erected a handsome church in Bolton in honour of their father, which has just been opened.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE COUNTRY FAIR," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

Mr. John S. Sheridan has a formidable rival in his fellow-countryman, Mr. Neil Burgess, who for over seven years has been sending America into shrieks of laughter by portraying Abigail Prue in "The Country Fair," a picture of New England life. The Princess's public are primitive, and Mr. Burgess has scored a success with them, too. "Charley's Aunt" notwithstanding, most people dislike to see a man arrayed in that which appertaineth to the woman, but Mr. Neil Burgess has a keen sense of humour, and despite the essential vulgarity of the whole performance, he compels you to laugh. Then there is a variety show in the middle of the piece, with some characteristic American glee-singing and an exciting horse-race at the finish. The Americans in the company—Miss Emma

Pollock as a "slavey," and Mr. E. S. Metcalfe as an elderly farmer lover—are very droll. On the other hand, Mr. Laurence Cautley and Miss Essex Dane cannot help showing a disbelief in the primeval simplicity of the whole affair, and a touch of scorn for their surroundings.

SHAKSPEARE AT THE OLYMPIC.

Enterprising Mr. Ben Greet has met with such success at the Olympic in his endeavour to afford Shakspearean performances at popular prices that he is continuing his season to the end of the current week. The most interesting revival of the series was, perhaps, "Antony and Cleopatra," brought from Manchester by Mr. Calvert. The mounting was quite luxurious, and our only complaint was with the tableau-curtains, whose fall on each scene made a play of seventeen acts. Mr. Calvert was, physically speaking, a perfect Antony, and his performance was marked throughout by strength and intensity, yet missed erotic passion and tragic power. But Miss Achurch, save in a superbly conceived death scene, disappointed us by an artificial and monotonous elocution and by strange vocal tricks which never carried conviction. A feature of the production was Mr. Kendrick's excellent Octavius. And now for "Macbeth." It is a desperate business to play a tragedy of the supernatural such as "Macbeth" or "Faust" without striking the essential keynote of

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The Celebrated Authoress,
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says:

“Brougham House, Malvern,
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“Dear Sir,—I have used your ‘KOKO’ now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of the value of your preparation.”

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“I beg you to forward by return 6 Bottles of ‘KOKO.’ It is for H.R.H. Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe” (Grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and Sister to the German Emperor).

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A wealthy retired City merchant, writes:
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“Gentlemen,—I am now convinced that, without exception, ‘KOKO’ is the best preparation possible for restoring hair. I was quite bald on the front, top, and back of my head, and I have now a fine crop of hair. I am strongly of opinion that if the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and his good brother knew your ‘KOKO’ they would use it. . . . I am willing to answer any question from anyone on the subject.
 “P.S.—I enclose my photo, just taken, and I consider it a marvellous recovery of my hair, especially as I am over sixty years of age. It is also a splendid specific for headache, and an excellent tonic.”

“KOKO”

is an invigorating preparation for the Hair; it eradicates scurf and dandruff, prevents hair falling, promotes growth, cleanses the scalp, allays irritation, and is delightfully cooling. Its unique testimonials prove it to be undoubtedly the best Dressing for the Hair.

Old People Like It for its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

Middle-Aged People Like It, because it prevents them from getting bald, and keeps dandruff away.

Young Men Like It, because it is an elegant preparation for dry, harsh, and brittle hair.

Young Ladies Like It as a Dressing, because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, ensures a luxuriant growth, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish, where it will remain.

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ROYAL TESTIMONIAL!

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 “Koko” for the
 hair, is the
 best dressing I
 know it keeps
 the head cool,
 promotes growth,
 and is in every
 way excellent.

Princess Johnstone

The Great Actress,

MISS ELLEN TERRY

MISS ELLEN TERRY

MISS ELLEN TERRY

says:

“I have used ‘KOKO for the Hair’ for years, and can assure my friends that it stops the hair from falling off, promotes its growth, eradicates dandruff, and is the most pleasant dressing imaginable.”

The Authoress of

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BOOTLE’S BABY, &c.

(JOHN STRANGE WINTER), says:

“Most decidedly use ‘KOKO.’ It will stop your hair from falling out. I happen to know because I have tried it myself. It is a nice clean preparation, not sticky or greasy.”

WINDSOR CASTLE.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Colonel G. J. IVEY, Military Knight at Windsor, writes:

“Windsor, May 9, 1895.

“Please send me another bottle of ‘KOKO.’ I can conscientiously state that ‘KOKO’ has quite performed all you say. I have found it most efficacious. My hair came out more than I liked. Since using it scarcely any remains in my brushes. I have strongly recommended it to my friends, and shall certainly never use any other than ‘KOKO.’”

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fatefulness and overhanging doom. This was the task Mr. Louis Calvert and Miss Laura Johnson seemed to have set themselves, and the fair measure of success they attained demonstrates how far vigorous declamation and real fervour will go to atone for lack of atmosphere and imagination. Mr. Calvert makes a rugged blustering Thane of the old school. Miss Johnson gives a nervous, high-strung, rather modern Lady Macbeth—a curious but not unhappy combination!

"TRILBY" REVIVED.

"Trilby," the evergreen, was revived at Her Majesty's on Monday night, and really there is nothing new to be said of this pretty bit of Thackerayan sentiment. The series of charming episodes and tableaux gratify as ever. Mr. Tree's Svengali remains one of his most weirdly grotesque

character studies, and Miss Baird's Trilby is sweet without being strong. A fresh "Taffy"—the best we have had—in Mr. J. G. Barnes, and a new "Little Billee," more emotional and natural than his predecessors, in Mr. Arncliffe, are the only other features that call for notice in this very dainty entertainment.

"THE MAID OF ATHENS," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Having sat for three and a half hours at the Opéra Comique you ask yourself in vain, "Maid of Athens, ere we part, tell me who and why thou art?" Mr. Charles Edmund, Mr. Chance Newton, and Dr. Osmund Carr, who have knocked the "musical play" together, fail to account in reason for the existence of the Maid, and why she should appear in an impossibly vulgar Irishman's house at "Vexhill-on-Sea." Not only is its plot chaotic, but it is

devoid of humour in every sense, and its melody is far to seek. Mr. E. J. Lonnen gives one of his irritating Irishmen. Mr. Fred Storey is acrobatic as an equally impossible Frenchman, and Miss Louise Beaudet is vigorously vulgar in the rôle of an actress. The one genuine bit of acting is done by Miss Ettie Williams, far too rarely seen; and Miss Constance Collier looks very beautiful as the Maid, her talents as an actress having increased of late.

Nearly 35,000 Volunteers, belonging mostly to the manufacturing towns and districts of the North of England and the Midland Counties, went into encampments last Saturday for the Whitsuntide week, besides the Artillery and Engineer Corps at Sheerness, Shoeburyness, and other stations in the Home Counties, for drill and practice.

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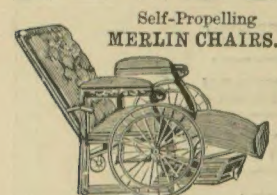
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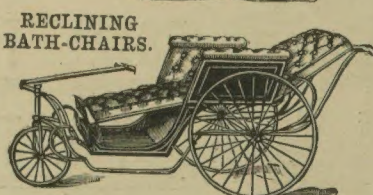


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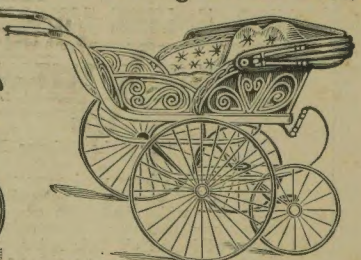
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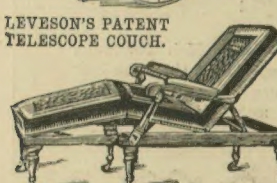
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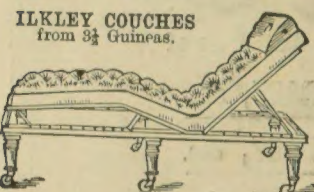
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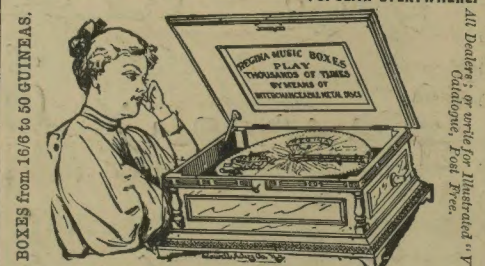


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